

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 423, Vol. 16.

December 5, 1863.

Price 6d.  
Stamped 7d.

## ENGLAND AND EUROPE.

THE consequences of England's refusal to join the Congress are exactly what might have been foreseen. In Germany every one applauds a step which saves the Continent so much trouble, which takes the burden of declining the EMPEROR's invitation off shoulders too weak to bear it readily, and which gives Germany the pleasant sensation of having a big friend ready to say what Germany does not dare to say, and to do what Germany does not dare to do. English influence is said to be restored in Germany. That is, we have reminded Germany that we exist by something more bold and definite than writing abrupt and dogmatic despatches. In France there has been much irritation, which seems to us perfectly natural, and in a measure reasonable. It is true that Frenchmen themselves perceive that the Congress could not have done much good, and the few who know anything about England are aware that there has not been the slightest wish on the part of the nation to mortify and humiliate France. But still it is provoking that England should have snuffed out their EMPEROR's favourite candle so quietly and completely. On many points, most Frenchmen whose opinion is worth having draw a certain distinction between the EMPEROR and France; but, on this occasion, the EMPEROR did speak in the name of France, and even the French enemies of the EMPEROR would be scarcely content that the man whom crime or accident, as they think, has raised to a bad eminence, should speak in the name of France and still be slighted. Ludicrous, too, as the notion of France being the parent and champion of great ideas sometimes seems to foreigners who remember the annexation of Savoy and Nice, the conviction that great ideas find their true home in France is a powerful agent in determining the course of French opinion, and really affects the national character, although it may be hard to say how deeply. That England is not only incapable of great ideas herself, but loves to snub and destroy them in those who are capable of them, is one of the thoughts which are most irritating to the ordinary French politician. Perhaps his perception that it is more sensible not to have grand ideas, and that the position of England, in the instance of the Congress, is unanswerable so far as argument goes, may do something to aggravate the mortification which the chilling of the frustrated ideas can scarcely fail to produce. The EMPEROR, too, has not only to lament the upsetting of a scheme which he associated in a peculiar manner with his own name and fortunes, but he is plunged into fresh entanglements, and is placed in greater doubt than ever what it will answer best for him to do. The unadorned common sense of Earl RUSSELL's style must have placed before him, with the most effective unpleasantness, the whole extent of his mistake; and he may naturally think it more provoking to have failed because he was told beforehand by England that he must fail, than if he had tried his chance with the reluctant Powers of the Continent, and had seemed to win a victory over them even when they hesitated to comply with his wishes. Nor can the readiness with which Spain and Italy and Sweden rushed to obey his commands, or the assumed credulity of the POPE, who affected to believe that the great object of the Congress would be to restore to him the Romagna, do much to diminish the EMPEROR's mortification. When a man's rich brothers and sisters refuse a solemn invitation to dine with him on his birthday, it seems an additional stroke of unkindly fate that a poor old maiden aunt or two and a batch of hungry cousins should flock to his table.

One of those mysterious pamphlets have been issued at Paris by which the EMPEROR is supposed to try the feelings of his subjects and ascertain the real direction of their wishes. In spite of the denial of the *Moniteur*, the world of Paris is persuaded that this manifesto is what they call in France inspired. If it does really speak the mind of the EMPEROR, his mind must be in a very dull and a very tumultuous state.

A more feeble production never hid, under a mass of verbiage, confused and vacillating purposes, and the weak desire for an indefinable excitement. All that the Imperial pamphlet is able to tell us is that, if there is not a Congress, there must be war. We have heard that from headquarters before, and do not derive much information from an anonymous pamphleteer echoing the EMPEROR's speech. What we might have hoped that the pamphlet would tell us is, who are going to fight and why. There appears to be a general impression in France that war is coming, but that is only a mere vague guessing of the EMPEROR's intentions. It is thought that he wants a war for his own purposes, and principally for domestic reasons. The Chamber is beginning to remind the nation of days when the French were not treated as babies by their rulers, and excluded from the management of their own affairs. The vast expenditure on the army can scarcely be justified, unless the army does something. The EMPEROR himself has had many mortifications lately, and he may wish to show his strength and turn the tables against his adversaries. These are all good grounds for supposing that a war of some sort against somebody would be acceptable to the EMPEROR. But they do not furnish any reason why the French nation should wish for war. Nor do there seem to be any grounds for believing that the French nation wishes for war. In fact, a nation never wishes for war in the abstract. It always remains passive, unless there is some object presented to it which seems worth fighting for. The French would undoubtedly have been ready at one time to go to war for Poland, and, if the pamphlet had proposed an attack on Russia, it is possible that even now the nation might be glad to help. But any one with political insight enough to realize so obscure a truth as that war must come somehow if things are not settled soon, can understand ten times as easily the simple and obvious fact that the EMPEROR has not the slightest intention of fighting Russia single-handed. The eloquence of the Imperial advocate for war has also had to stand against the persuasive pleading of M. FOULD for peace. If a nation really wishes for a particular war, it will not be stopped by financial statements; but a nation with a vague thirst for excitement, and a fluttering belief that war in general is likely, may very naturally be moved to a new love of peace by hearing that it is forty millions sterling in debt. France has just tasted the fruits of a war in which the nation took no interest, but which happened to suit the fancies or designs of the EMPEROR. Nine millions of money, sunk in reducing a fraction of a remote population of Spanish half-castes to accept the sovereignty of an Austrian Prince, must have a very sobering effect on the taxpayers who are called on to bear the burden of the loss.

It is possible that the rebuff we have given to the EMPEROR, and the irritating manner in which we have acted, may some day bring about a combination of France and Russia for settling the affairs of the East which will be full of the most serious dangers. But at present, the prompt and decisive action of England has certainly tended to make peace more likely. It has established a claim on the gratitude of Germany, and set an example of risking much to avert war, which cannot fail to influence the Cabinets of Vienna and Berlin; and it is probable that, if the question of the Duchies can be settled peaceably, no exertions will be spared to adjust matters, and that the exhortations of our aggravating peace-maker at the Foreign Office will be breathed into listening ears. But it is difficult to believe that any real good is done to the cause of peace by the partisans of Denmark in England shutting their eyes steadily to the claims and the feelings of the Germans. It is true that it is pleasant and easy to drown all arguments under passionate cries, that you and your friends are always right; and the writers whose Scandinavian fancies prompt them to think Denmark faultless will scarcely be persuaded

to inquire and reflect, even by the author of the able pamphlet on the Dano-German question in which the history of the Schleswig-Holstein dispute has at length been treated in readable English, and with a real mastery over the whole subject. Those who take the pains to understand what has taken place can scarcely fail to arrive at the conclusion that the act by which the new KING has joined Schleswig in a common Constitution with Denmark is a violation of the convention which, in 1852, Denmark made with Austria and Prussia. Nor is it to be supposed that the Germans are so ignorant of their own business as to have displayed the strong feeling exhibited by the Prussian Parliament if there had been no better motive than the desire to interfere in the constitutional details of the Government of Holstein. The Germans feel that they made a compact for the benefit and protection of their countrymen living under a foreign ruler, and that, if this compact is flagrantly violated with impunity, it is idle to talk of Germany being a great nation. This may be an exaggerated feeling, but it is one that exists, and is to a certain extent natural; and as it does exist, the Prussian Parliament has given a striking proof of its aptitude for dealing practically with affairs by sinking for the moment its difference with its own Government on the one point of military supplies, and preferring this small concession to falling in with the old German habit of inaction in the moment of a crisis. This step, and the common action of Austria and Prussia, will have a considerable effect on the ultimate settlement of the question; and while the interposition of the great German Powers may avert the immediate danger of a collision in the Duchies, it will secure proper attention to the claims of Germany when that adjustment of the whole matter is made by England and Europe which can alone avert the continual danger of war from this unfortunate quarrel.

#### ENGLISH POLICY IN CHINA.

THE last accounts from China seem to show that the disciplined Imperial troops have, for the time, acquired a superiority over the Taepings. It is said that the country people show their dislike to the rebels by massacring their stragglers and fugitives as soon as their principal forces are defeated; and although they would perhaps treat any other beaten army with impartial cruelty, it may be inferred that the Taepings are intruders who have not succeeded in identifying their cause with popular feeling. The English and French commanders have enlarged the range of operations which they had previously considered sufficient for the defence of Shanghai. When they had determined to secure the European factories from molestation, they caused the rebels to understand that their presence would not be tolerated within thirty miles of the city; and, as might have been expected, the prohibition was literally construed by the extension of slaughter and conflagration to the very limits of the neutral ground. The outside population was forced to take refuge within the protected district, and there appeared to be no sufficient reason to abide by the arbitrary restriction. Henceforth, a somewhat larger nook of the vast empire of China will be exempted from the inconveniences which attend indigenous rule. It is difficult to determine beforehand the closeness of the relations which will certainly, in some form, exist between the Europeans of the Chinese army and the officers who bear the commission of their respective Governments. It is not desirable to be responsible for proceedings which admit of no regular control, but there are strong reasons for maintaining a certain influence over military leaders who will be regarded by the Chinese themselves as representatives of the nations to which they belong. There is a wide difference between a soldier of fortune who, in a partially independent position, supports the general policy of his own country, and an adventurer who, like BURGIVINE, fights for his own hand on behalf of the party which offers him the best prospect of personal advantage. A feeling of professional honour will prevent any respectable Englishman or Frenchman from joining the rebels as long as it is understood that the officers of the disciplined native troops are employed by the Imperial Government with the sanction of their own lawful superiors. The long-continued employment of foreign mercenaries in the domestic quarrels of China would undoubtedly involve serious danger, but it is difficult to understand how any condition of affairs could be worse than the anarchy which has for several years been the result of the Taeping rebellion. The happiest event for the country would be the early and complete success of the disciplined troops, especially as it would probably convince the Government that it was unsafe to rely on the protection of an armed

rabble. The Taeping nuisance would probably have been, sooner or later, abated, even by the unassisted efforts of the native authorities; but it will be less easy to deal with European or American adventurers who hope to carve out principalities for themselves.

It is not surprising that hasty analogies should be drawn between the history of the East India Company and the diplomatic and military transactions which have, within the last twenty years, implicated the English Government in the internal affairs of China. Remoter and more invidious precedents are found in the conquests of CORTÉZ and PIZARRO, although unfriendly critics are careful to remark that English attention is directed exclusively to profit, while the Spaniards of the sixteenth century generously offered Paradise to the native Americans in exchange for El Dorado. In all these cases, a more vigorous race came into contact or collision with an indigenous population, under the influence of motives which were not primarily or principally benevolent. In South America, and, in many cases, in India, superior force was abused for selfish ends; and even in China it would not be impossible to point out instances of English harshness or cupidity. Yet it is but a frivolous exercise of ingenuity to trace superficial similarities in political relations which are essentially different in their origin, their purpose, and their character. There is no Pope to execute a conveyance of China to the English Crown, nor is any half-independent corporation acquiring a sovereignty which the Government would certainly disclaim if it were offered to itself. The heroic freebooters of Spain, while they followed their own fortunes, were at the same time reducing into possession provinces of the vast and unknown hemisphere which was supposed to belong to CHARLES V. or PHILIP II. by a legitimate title. CLIVE and WARREN HASTINGS fought and negotiated for the fragments of the kingdom which had already escaped from the feeble grasp of the GREAT MOGUL, and WELLESLEY deliberately proceeded to reunite the empire of India under the paramount authority of the Company. Whatever may be the errors of English policy in China, it is notoriously untrue that either the country or the Government proposes to acquire any possessions on the mainland, or to detach the most insignificant province from the Imperial rule, which, indeed, is at present supported by English aid against a formidable rebellion. In Mexico and Peru, in the Deccan, and in Bengal, native insurgents and malcontents were encouraged in their opposition to established Governments. In China, there are no pretenders except the Taeping leaders, and the primeval device of governing by division has been exchanged for the attempt to pacify by uniting. The motives of the more modern policy are certainly not disinterested; but, as they tend to the benefit of all parties concerned, they are not properly denounced as selfish.

The present generation has, fortunately, discovered that sovereignty in foreign countries is by no means the most profitable relation even to the alien ruler. The ancient and simple practice of exacting a tribute from distant subjects in return for protection or oppression is almost confined to the Dutch possessions in the Eastern seas. Growing familiarity with the doctrines of political economy has almost extinguished the popular belief in the expediency of conquering customers, as the first step to the establishment of a lucrative trade. As long as nations excluded one another's products from their markets, it was not unreasonable to desire the utmost extension of the boundaries within which commerce was already free from prohibitory duties. A newly-acquired West India island, like a newly-purchased cover on the outskirts of an estate, was a preserve where a neighbour had previously enjoyed an exclusive property in the rum and sugar. The London brewers, even in the present day, conquer by purchase and by subsidy the public-houses which become their agencies for the sale of their beer; and the colonies, and India itself, formerly discharged a similar function for English manufacturers and merchants. But trade has now lost, in a great measure, its character of a conspiracy by certain producers against competitors and consumers, and it has consequently reverted to its pristine elements of mere purchase and sale. Dealers have no longer any wish to own the markets which they frequent, although they insist on the maintenance of an adequate police. If they find that, in consequence of defective arrangements, they are plundered, and their customers are debarred from access to their counting-houses, they are not unlikely, from time to time, to take the preservation of peace into their own hands; nor is it to be assumed that their energy is culpable, especially if they act by the consent or at the request of the feeble local authorities. The disturbers of public order naturally complain of usurpation, and it is



not improbable that superior force may occasionally be abused. Nevertheless, English traders and their Government ought to be acquitted of any underhand territorial cupidity.

No controversialist asserts the right of Europeans to force Chinamen or Japanese to exchange tea and silk for money and goods, nor is it even pretended that, in default of treaties, the Governments can justly be compelled to allow an intercourse which is in itself undoubtedly beneficial; but while the spontaneous action of the people deserves the most cautious respect, a stricter construction may be applied to the jealous obstructions which selfish and ignorant rulers may impose on their subjects. The most prejudiced vituperators of English policy must admit that foreign trade adds many millions annually to the wealth of China; and the reciprocal advantages of commerce, although they ought not to be obtained by a breach of moral laws, are not to be lightly sacrificed to pedantic scruples. At present, it happens that the Government of China encourages the intercourse which it is the obvious interest of its subjects to cultivate. Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT, if they are consistent, wish that the overtures of the authorities and the nation should be rejected, because experience shows that the prosecution of trade from time to time involves foreigners in the domestic quarrels of China. If they object only to the interference of the English Government, and not to the private enterprise of individual traders, they approve a system of relations more irregular and lawless than the complications which they sweepingly condemn as crimes. The official protection which is in some instances afforded to the Chinese authorities is obviously less liable to abuse than the irresponsible services which might be rendered by adventurers. If, on the other hand, it is urged that the English Government ought to impose additional restraints on its subjects in China, the abolition of the East India Company's monopoly in 1833 must have been a mistake. There were no Chinese wars till the trade was opened, and a solitary customer might long have continued a limited and peaceable connexion with the merchants of Canton. It happened, through a curious succession of events, that the Company which had in India long subordinated trade to dominion was still an exclusively commercial body in its relations with China. The English Crown has inherited its empire, while the merchants of England and of the world have succeeded to its Chinese trade. As it is certain that a large and profitable commerce will not be abandoned, it is more useful to ascertain the conditions on which it can be beneficially conducted than to declaim against every experimental effort to remove the obstacles which impede or interrupt it.

#### EXTRA-PARLIAMENTARY UTTERANCES.

THE "sensation" heading which the *Times* has recently invented for the oratorical exercises with which our representatives beguile the recess is capable of various interpretations. It may receive the obvious interpretation of utterances made outside the walls of Parliament; or it may be intended to insinuate that we are unfairly undergoing an extra dose of debates; or it may be construed to imply that the utterances in question, in their peculiar intellectual calibre, are remarkably characteristic of Parliament. For the credit of our constitutional system, it is to be hoped that the last version will not be generally accepted as the true one. These recess speeches have often been described as a vent for the spare oratory of which the speaker could find no opportunity of relieving himself while the House of Commons was sitting. There is no internal evidence, however, in the effusions of this season at least, to justify such a theory. It is scarcely likely that such speeches should have been originally intended for the ear of the House of Commons, for that fastidious body would probably have expressed its opinion of their merits by the summary judgment of a count-out. It is necessary to have recourse to a totally opposite class of metaphors to describe them justly. The water that is drawn from an exhausted well—the tea that is the product of a thrice-drained teapot—the cream that can be skimmed off the surface of skimmed milk—are more suitable similitudes. If Parliamentary oratory were really of the stamp of extra-Parliamentary utterances, HANSARD ought to be suppressed as a literary nuisance. That such matter finds its way into the newspapers at all is only to be attributed to that famine of matter which rages among the newspapers at this season of the year, and bears so large a share in the selection of the topics to which the political enthusiasm of the British citizen is directed by the public instructor.

It would be scarcely fair, however, to blame members of Parliament for the emptiness of their orations, or to conclude that it is out of the vacuity of their hearts that their

mouths are speaking. The difficulties of the situation are as serious as any by which an orator can be beset. A special pleader, not afraid of contradictory pleas, might safely plead on their behalf that, in the first place, they have nothing to say, and, in the second place, that they are not allowed to say it. It is no slight burden that is laid upon a member of Parliament when he is asked to give his opinion upon the political controversies of the day. That there are no political controversies is a fact which is probably by this time patent to the slowest electoral brain, but that adverse circumstance in no way absolves the representative from the duty of declaring his sentiments upon them. And, in addition to this, he must declare them in a manner which shall give offence to no portion of those who are listening to him. Some towns on the one side, and some counties on the other, manifest so distinct a preponderance of opinion that it is possible for a member of Parliament to assemble an audience entirely sympathizing in political views with himself. But, as a rule, these extra-Parliamentary utterances have to be addressed to mixed audiences. It will not do, therefore, by way of a political topic, to conjure up the ghost of a dead controversy. At Castle Hedingham, in Essex, it might be safe to eulogize Lord PALMERSTON as the stoutest foe to Reform. At Rochdale, a coming crusade in favour of an extended suffrage, as the surest means of bringing about a division of property, might be preached without inconvenience. But, generally speaking, such thorny topics would merely produce a disturbance at the festive gathering at which the members are performing, and bring some adverse and vinously enthusiastic politician upon his legs. Warned off, therefore, by lack of matter from the politics of the present day, and by the fear of making a disturbance from the exciting controversies of the past, our orators may be pardoned if their speeches are slightly tame. It is rather hard that, under these disadvantageous circumstances, they should be subjected to the ignominy of exposure in the newspapers. It would not be fair that an expert pedestrian should be forced to exhibit himself publicly running in a sack; and it is equally hard that senators who are, or think themselves to be, expert orators, should be compelled to display their powers under the condition of talking politics when there are none, and when they are obliged to abstain from all topics of bygone reference that could offend any kind of politician. The nature of the audience too, and the spirit of the hour, ought to save these unhappy victims from the cruelty of a report. The speech-making usually takes place after dinner. The farmers or townspeople to whom the speeches are addressed are mainly drunk; and the speakers themselves are not wholly exempt, perhaps, from the moment's genial influence. The public, on the other hand, who read these speeches in the *Times* two or three days afterwards, usually get through their newspapers in the morning, when they are not only sober, but cross and critical. Is it possible for human ingenuity to construct a speech that shall suit both audiences—that shall be warm and slipshod enough to elicit the cheers of farmers who have dined, and yet calm and polished enough to extort the admiration of readers who have not breakfasted? There must be something jarring between the two—something that is too jovial for the one set of hearers, or something that is too serious for the other. The late Lord LYNDRHURST, on a memorable occasion, declared that he was not capable of addressing in the same speech a floor full of grave peers, and a gallery full of gay young ladies. But such a combination, though monstrous, was manageable compared to an arrangement that unites in one audience the educated mind of England and a boisterous agricultural or municipal dinner-party. In justice to themselves, the orators ought, before they consent to allow the reporters to be present, to bargain that the report should only be published in the second edition of some evening paper, warranted not to appear in time for a perusal before dinner.

If the publication of these performances is hard upon the orators, it is hard upon the readers too. The only kind of instruction which the most careful student of the newspapers can draw from them is to be found in the political truisms they contain. It is always important to a politician to know what the truisms of his country are; and the list is necessarily exhausted in the speeches of those ingenious senators upon whom the task is laid of making an amusing speech without ever departing from the commonplaces in which all his audience agree. At present, neutrality upon all possible questions and in all possible quarrels appears to be the foreign policy which commands the most extensive school of disciples. At the same time it is only a neutrality of acts; for upon some subjects, at least, a very spirited partisanship

in words is found to be acceptable. References of this kind, however, are confined to one or two only of the existing difficulties. It is quite proper to denounce Russia very heartily; and it is safe to apply the same stock of epithets, with very slight dilution, to the Federals in general, and General BUTLER in particular. If you have many Dissenters in your constituency, it may be prudent to deprecate, parenthetically, any imputation of being favourable to slavery. The most approved treatment of this difficult question appears to be, to say that you hate the Federals, and that you hate slavery, and to leave it to your audience to infer that the two are somehow inseparably connected—a conclusion to which, in the condition of their intellects at the moment, they may be easily induced to come. Of the great German difficulty the prudent senator will say little. The subject is not one of itself to excite popular enthusiasm; and the mere vocables in which the dispute must be conducted, such as Schleswig-Holstein and Augustenburg Glücksburg, Dannewerke and Rigsraad, are not such as any man would wish to pronounce except when his powers of pronunciation are in first-rate order. The unattractive names of the champions of liberty in the Prussian Chamber will generally contribute to deter him from entering on a topic of which his audience have probably never heard; and he will be cautious how he indulges in too warm an expression of sympathy for Italy, for fear that the farmers should suspect that he was uttering some Popish sentiment. On the other hand, he may safely expatiate upon the glorious deeds of British valour in Japan; and he may judiciously add that he believes there never have been operations so humanely and mercifully conducted. Patriotism, faintly tinged, but in no way modified, by humanity, is the dominant feeling of a provincial audience after dinner. But his safest topics are of a more abstract kind—at least towards the end of his speech. During the earlier part of it, he must extract jokes wherever they are to be found, within his limited range of subjects; but his peroration must always be serious, and should, if possible, wind up with a general panegyric upon religious education and the nineteenth century. Most of the "extra-Parliamentary utterances" that have been delivered recently will be found to conform pretty closely to these rules. It is very possible that to the provincial audiences who hear them they may be not only amusing but instructive. But it is rather hard that the rest of the world should be condemned to take them as part of the news of the day.

#### DENMARK AND GERMANY.

AUSTRIA and Prussia acknowledge, as might have been expected, their obligations under the Treaty of 1852; but both Governments, in thwarting the wishes of their subjects and of the nation which they represent, will be urged by the strongest inducements to assert all the rights of Schleswig and Holstein which have not been compromised by the premature and officious decision of the Great Powers. Among the numerous evil consequences which arise from the disturbance of the succession, not the least serious is the introduction of a new cause of dissension between the princes and the people of Germany. After centuries of division, the entire nation had at last discovered an object in which it was possible to take a common interest; and it might have been thought that Royalty itself would favour a patriotic enterprise which chanced to involve the legitimate succession of a German dynasty. The Sovereigns and diplomatists would now gladly second the popular movement if they had been able, eleven years ago, to resist the temptation to make an arrangement which suited the purpose of the moment. The Saxon Chamber has passed a unanimous vote for the recognition of the AUGUSTENBURG claimant, and it is understood that the Court of Hanover would not be unwilling to evade the performance of its engagements to Denmark. The Emperor of AUSTRIA cannot forget that three months ago he appeared at Frankfurt as the representative of the old German CÆSARS, while he now finds himself unable to protect an outlying province which grudges its compulsory subjection to a foreign ruler. Prussia has a double motive for assuming the national championship in this matter. The Parliament of Berlin is ready to suspend its constitutional struggle with the Crown, and the KING is almost invited to prosecute his darling scheme of remodelling the army, on condition that internal concord, and the armaments which it would render possible, shall be applied to the assertion of German claims against the pretensions of Denmark. Unfortunately, Prussia and Austria, Hanover and Saxony, have renounced beforehand the opportunity of terminating or quelling domestic disputes by earning the confidence of the nation. The Treaty of 1852 defines in

the plainest language the positive duties which diametrically conflict with the patriotic aspirations of the German Powers. All the more considerable Courts, with the exception of Bavaria, have voluntarily pledged themselves to recognise the KING of DENMARK as DUKE of SCHLESWIG and HOLSTEIN; and the Diet, which is technically free from embarrassing obligations, is so far hampered by the engagements of its principal members that it has declined to admit the representative of the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG. The separate Governments will be compelled to devise excuses for adhering to the treaty, and it is already apparent that they will, like Prussia and Austria, endeavour to indemnify their countrymen for disappointed hopes by an ostentatious exhibition of zeal for the protection of Federal interests in Holstein. The ingenious device of 1852 seems likely to perpetuate the squabbles which might have been effectually terminated by the separation of the German portion of the Duchies from Denmark.

Neither Prussia nor Austria could dispute the binding force of the Treaty on the pretext that the Danish Government has violated the rights either of Holstein or Schleswig. The agreement to recognise the foreign dynasty was absolutely unconditional, and the conduct of Denmark could by no possibility affect the stipulated rights of England, France, and Russia. KING CHRISTIAN, however, has, by the first act of his reign, provided Germany with a legitimate ground of complaint, and the Governments will be eager to prove in a lawful quarrel the vigour which they are forbidden to display for a more practical purpose. SIR WALTER SCOTT somewhere tells a story of a knight who, combating for an unjust cause, intentionally fled from his opponent until he was summoned as a coward to turn. "I am no coward," said the knight, "and in this quarrel I will fight to the death." The German armies will, in the same spirit, be employed to maintain in the Duchies the litigated franchises which Europe has so often failed to understand. M. VON BISMARCK's statement to the Prussian Chamber confirms the belief that the Diet will immediately proceed with Federal execution in Holstein. It is true that the remedy is not properly applicable to grievances arising beyond the jurisdiction of the Confederacy in Schleswig, but Holstein also has numerous complaints to prefer against Denmark; and non-German Powers are not entitled to examine the legal validity of proceedings instituted by the competent Federal authorities. If the execution proves insufficient, the parties to the treaties of 1851 and 1852 will perhaps, in their separate capacities, enforce the performance of the Danish engagements to Schleswig. The Great Powers cannot dispute the right of Austria, of Prussia, or of the Diet which was in 1851 represented by the two Great Powers, to insist on the revocation of the common Constitution just sanctioned by the KING of DENMARK; and it is scarcely probable that Sweden would enter into a defensive alliance with Denmark for the forcible vindication of an act distinctly at variance with written engagements. The Danes are among the bravest populations of Europe, but in a wrongful cause they can scarcely pretend to resist the overwhelming superiority of Germany.

The policy of 1852 admits of explanation rather than of defence. Perhaps the best excuse for the German Governments is that they were thoroughly frightened by the events of 1848, and by their more recent escape from a war among themselves. The independence of Schleswig and Holstein had been recognised by the Federal Government at Frankfurt, which was detested by the princes as a revolutionary institution, although it had an Austrian Archduke for its President, and notwithstanding its offer of the Imperial Crown to the KING of PRUSSIA. The gallant struggle of the forces of the Duchies against the superior power of Denmark had, indeed, at one time been encouraged by the Prussian Government; but FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. had, to the indignation of his subjects, slunk away from the contest, in timid obedience to the peremptory command of Austria and Russia. A treaty for the arbitrary disposal of disputed territories, concluded by the Great Powers of Europe, seemed to mark the close of the revolutionary period, and to recall the good old precedents of Vienna and Verona. The absolutist statesmen of the Continent have never understood the distinction between popular rights and popular demands. Although Schleswig and Holstein had fought in vindication of ancient franchises, they were placed on a level with the Parisian rioters of February 1848, or with the Red revolutionists who were suppressed by the Prussian troops in Baden. No charters or hereditary rights could excuse the hated name of Liberty. The Emperor NICHOLAS at that time affected the guardianship of European order, and he had lately prohibited the commencement of a civil war in Germany. He was perhaps not unwilling to display his moderation by a nominal postponement of his



claims to Holstein, and even to the Crown of Denmark, and the confiscation of the national rights of the Duchies afforded an additional inducement to his co-operation in the settlement of the succession. The PRINCE PRESIDENT of the French Republic had recently suppressed the Constitution, and, on the eve of ascending the Imperial throne, he desired to take his place among the recognised potentates of Europe. In providing for the integrity of the Danish Monarchy, and in assisting to dismember the German Confederation, he adhered to the traditional policy of France. None of the parties to the Treaty could urge so plausible an excuse for sharing in the common error.

The main responsibility for the Treaty probably rests with England, and although the arrangement was concluded after Lord DERRY's accession to office, it is well known that the policy which it embodies was substantially determined by Lord PALMERSTON. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, as Prime Minister, was, as the subsequent rupture proved, never equal to the task of controlling his more experienced colleague; but there is no reason to suppose that any Minister of the time doubted the expediency of providing against the division of the Danish Monarchy, as well as of removing to a greater distance the possible pretensions of Russia. The old theory of the balance of power still influences English traditions, although experience has shown that the smaller States never exercise any real weight in the decision of political questions. Even if it was desirable to preserve the integrity of the monarchy, the object would have been more effectually attained by providing complete security for the rights of the Duchies. The violent separation of Schleswig from Holstein under the agreements of 1851 ought to have been revoked when the succession was altered. The Treaty might, perhaps, have worked better if England had not gratuitously countenanced the subsequent pretensions and irregularities of the Danish Government. The extreme obscurity of the legal questions which arose between Schleswig and Denmark would have accounted for a suspension of judgment, but they furnished no excuse for premature and one-sided dogmatism. But for the constant support of the press and diplomacy of England, Denmark would perhaps have been more solicitous to abstain from the provocations which have tended to influence the dispute on the succession. Lord RUSSELL once attempted to give due weight to the just complaints of Schleswig and Holstein, and to the reclamations of Germany; but Lord PALMERSTON, who is generally considered in foreign countries the real director of English policy, has more than once taken occasion to explain that his opinions on the entire controversy remained unchanged during the lifetime of the late KING. It might have been supposed that this division of opinion would have induced the Germans to suspect the impartiality of England as a mediator, if, as a matter of fact, the tacit reference of all parties to the mediation of England had not been continuous. There is no doubt that Austria and Prussia will literally comply with Lord RUSSELL's request for the fulfilment of the Treaty of 1852, which is energetically supported by Sweden; but those Governments, while they really concur with English policy, will be compelled to display ostensible reluctance. The King of PRUSSIA, especially, if he remains inactive, will be in the absurd position of refusing military supplies for an object which his Parliament almost unanimously wishes to promote. The interminable contest which impends will probably, at some remote period, end by some arrangement which will bring Holstein at least nearer to Germany, and will, if possible, compensate the Danes by the formation of a great Scandinavian Power.

#### INDIAN VICEROYS.

THE illness which has caused the premature loss of Lord ELGIN's services to the country can scarcely be attributed to the Indian climate, unless it can be supposed a part of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL's duty to ascend to a height of thirteen thousand feet above the sea, in spite of a disease of the heart. But the terror which this unexpected catastrophe has caused among the few Englishmen who could pretend to fill the vacant office has probably contributed to the speedy selection of the only man who has real and unquestionable claims to be Governor-General of India. A panic which is accidental, and in a great degree baseless, will have served a useful end if it nipped in the bud all idea of contesting the appointment of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE. The English public, which is full of gratitude and hero-worship when it can find any fitting object, has received with universal satisfaction the announcement of the tribute paid to a man whose services to

the nation have been of a signal and striking kind, and who stands alone in the peculiar position he has won. This satisfaction is also enhanced by the delight with which every one instinctively hails the rounding and finishing of a great career. It seems like the happy revolutions of a romance that the civilian who landed in Calcutta thirty years ago an unknown lad should have risen step by step until he is now Governor-General. Ordinary minds will not plague themselves with the ingenious subtlety that this rise shows something wrong in the former system of Indian Government, and that this great promotion of a civilian is a slur on the Indian Civil Service. They will be content to reflect that, by a happy combination of circumstances, they have got the right man in the right place. Lord ELGIN was a most excellent and valuable official, but his successor will scarcely lose much by having to follow him. It would be difficult to find a better specimen of what may be termed the available nobleman than what Lord ELGIN offered. Always useful, always willing to go where he was sent, with abundance of sociability and courtesy—patient, good-tempered, and skilled in the art of holding a position of friendly neutrality towards a great variety of men—he was exactly the official whom Home Governments delighted to use and to promote abroad. But he had not the advantage either of knowing India thoroughly, or of having devoted his attention to those larger questions of policy and statesmanship with which the future of India is so closely bound up. He was a man rather to get through business well, and to do a difficult task adroitly, than to devote himself to a great work, or to leave his impress upon the history of a nation. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE must govern India before we can say how he will govern it. But, at any rate, he has the advantage of going to a country which he knows by heart, and his past history shows that he has a mind capable of understanding the real wants and difficulties of India, and the courage to carry out anything on which he resolves. Nor is it to be overlooked that his appointment carries with it some minor and special advantages. It throws open to every servant of the Crown in India the possibility of one day governing where he now serves; and it will probably settle the question of the future capital. Another Governor-General might possibly be suspected of sacrificing Calcutta to his personal love of ease and safety, whereas every one may be sure that, if duty demanded it, Sir JOHN LAWRENCE would work himself and every subordinate about him into a grave on the banks of the Hooghly rather than quit a post where he ought to be. On the other hand, Sir JOHN LAWRENCE has none of the Calcutta traditions of government, and knows too well the cost and difficulty of getting really good officials in India to throw away their lives if a more healthy seat of central administration would save them.

In appointing an Indian Viceroy, thought has to be taken of the relations he will hold to the governors and to the governed. He has to be at the head of a vast system of administration and, at the same time, of a large and educated English society. The best defence for the custom of appointing a nobleman fresh from England to the office is, that he comes unbiassed and unprepossessed, with no partialities or enmities, wedded to no precedents, and open to the advice of every one fit to advise him. Socially, too, there is something to be said for drowning all local jealousies in the advent of a man whose rank and whose political connexion with the English Cabinet place him beyond rivalry in India. Nor is it to be denied that, if a precedent were now set the other way, and Indian civilians might rise to the Governor-Generalship as barristers rise to the Chancellorship, there would be considerable danger lest local prejudices should warp the Viceroy's mind, and he might love and hate more well than wisely. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE has, however, all the great advantages of a long familiarity with India and every one there, and, at the same time, he has had too special a sphere of administration to make it probable that he will be hampered by former ties. His achievements, also, are too eminent, and his position is too remarkable, to permit him to rank on the same level with the ordinary Indian civilian, however successful; and the social difficulties which might arise if the Governor-General belonged to the same body as those immediately under him cannot therefore present themselves in his case. No one acquainted with the history of the Punjab will fail to watch with the deepest interest the experiment of applying to all India the rules of governing which were there crowned with so much success. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE reduced the Punjab into submission, and sent the border warriors to save the English Empire at Delhi, not only because he had the capacity and the resolution to see and do what was to be done under very trying circum-

stances, but also because he had trained up a body of assistants of every grade, whom he had selected after a keen and close personal observation, and whom he had taught to believe in and to obey him. This principle of governing by the help of subordinates selected without regard to any consideration but fitness, and solely because the person in supreme authority judges them to be worth having from his examination of their character, is one which it is difficult to apply on a large scale, and which it would be hopeless for any Governor-General to attempt who had not long practised it, and had not formed, by the experience of many years, a settled standard of what fitness in India means. Those who know Sir JOHN LAWRENCE's past history will feel sure that he will do his best to carry out this principle without fear or favour, and that he will not suffer any influence, however great, to warp his judgment or stifle his opinions.

The governed, the vast millions of dusky Hindoos and Mussulmans, the toilers for the revenue which, in time of peace, brings in such a satisfactory surplus, the inheritors of so long and varied a history and of so much strange decaying thought about this world and the next, may expect to reap some new blessings from the hands of a man who knows them so well, and they will, for the first time, find in the same person the highest dignity which the QUEEN'S Indian subjects ever witness, combined with the power of speaking Oriental languages. The mere encouragement of enterprise, and the favouring of every means by which the natives may grow rich, is a duty which a much inferior Viceroy would have fulfilled, as the pressure from those Englishmen who hope to make money by the process is too strong to suffer any Governor-General to be indifferent to their interests. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE may be trusted to promote, as much as it can possibly be his business to promote, the growth of that cotton by which Bombay replaces part of what the civil war in America has taken from us. It will cost him more trouble to uphold the native against the English adventurer, and to see that the meek cultivator of the soil is not reduced by the ingenuities of English law into the helpless and hopeless condition of a serf. Fortunately, he enters on his office at a time when the Calcutta press has very little influence in India, and the English press has a great deal; and he may be sure that public opinion will, in the long run, support him in maintaining the cause of the natives if only the questions at issue can be put in such a shape that the English public can understand them. To devise any remedy that shall meet all the difficulties of the case is, however, one of the most arduous tasks that lie before the Government of India. Mr. MAINE's proposed Bill is a happy expedient for persuading the planters and other English adventurers to try whether they will not be really satisfied with what they have previously derided, if put in a new shape. But sooner or later the scheme, if carried out, must lead to a remodelling of the civil service, which cannot, as it stands now, provide the requisite machinery. It is evident too that, after all, the planters only get the civil remedy they have so long declared to be an insufficient power to control the ryot, and if times were bad, and the ryots returned to their old course of shuffling away from work, the wrath of the planters might again be roused. It is to be hoped that the times will continue to improve, and then the labouring population of India may acquire such a share of wealth as will render it tolerably independent. Peace is the one great thing that India wants, for peace alone gives the security of financial prosperity, and peace and prosperity alone make it possible for the unofficial Englishman to live in harmony with the native. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE knows the cost, the misery, and the anxiety of war far too well to run lightly the risk of setting war on foot, and no one knows better that, if war is terrible for the English in India, it is ten times worse for the natives of India themselves. What India needs is time to grow quietly into such a likeness to the West as it can ever attain. We cannot make it grow like us by hurrying it, and there is no fear lest a man of wide views and ample knowledge should think that it can gain by being pushed on too fast. India cannot be converted to a purer religion, nor can its social life be remodelled to a better pattern, by the myriads of heathens being taxed for the teaching of what a few Christians think right, and a few Europeans think decorous. Those, therefore, who fancy that, because he is of a different and a superior kind to the average of Governor-Generals, Sir JOHN LAWRENCE can make vast and successful changes which will set everything right, are sure to see their wild hopes deceived; but the admirers of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE may confidently anticipate that no rational estimate of what a great man can do in a congenial field of exertion is doomed in this case to disappointment.

#### THE HAPPY FAMILY.

ENGLAND is so invariably worsted, whenever she attempts a diplomatic contest, that few of us will be inclined to regret that the Government have declined to fight with weapons which, as a nation, we little understand. If, indeed, upon our diplomatic list it had been possible to find a representative capable of finessing against the trained intriguers of Russia or France, the enterprise might not have been so hazardous. But with no one to send except the amiable statesman who was talked over into signing away an important maritime right at the Conferences of Paris, or the less amiable FOREIGN SECRETARY who contrived to juggle so awkwardly at the Conferences of Vienna that he drew down upon himself a direct disavowal from the Austrian Minister and was compelled to resign in disgrace, our position at a tournament of the sharpest wits in Europe would have been very forlorn indeed. If our Plenipotentiary had escaped from the arena with any portion of our maritime rights or any fragment of our foreign dependencies unconceded, the nation would have had great cause to congratulate itself on the result. Some such possession as that of Malta, transferred possibly to Italy as compensation for the cession of Sardinia to France, would have been the very smallest penalty that our Government would have paid for venturing within the magic circle of the arch-conjuror of Paris.

But though England individually has nothing to lose by the failure of the EMPEROR's scheme, if it should fail, the world will have to lament the deprivation of an edifying spectacle. It would be pleasant to witness the gambols of the happy family of European nations, once fairly gathered within four walls. There have been men, of great social eminence, who have made their reputation in that line by the practice of gathering together all the most antagonistic elements of which a dinner-party could be possibly composed. No small zest would be lent to such entertainments by the distrustful courtesy and transparent irritation of the Tractarian and Recordite, the Orthodox and Heretic, the Negro and the American, who were suddenly brought into unwanted and unexpected neighbourhood. The Congress, if it takes place, will present something of the same sort of scene. The only difference will be that the guests will come to the *réunion* each well prepared with a hoard of accumulated grudges against his neighbours. It will be a kind of Loan-of-Grievance Exhibition, to which every contributing Power will bring all the specimens, ancient and modern, bran-new or half worn-out, that can be hunted out of the archives of its *Chancellerie*. Every Plenipotentiary will come fully armed with all the points which will be most unpleasant to his neighbour, but also, in his secret heart, knowing that his neighbour is fully prepared to expatiate upon some matter that is at least equally unpleasant to himself. Each will appear at the Congress with the fullest intention of treading upon his neighbour's toes, and the fullest consciousness that his own are full of corns. The habits of diplomacy are proverbially powerful in overcoming human infirmities of temper; but the office of President over such an assemblage of diplomatists, gathered together for no other purpose than to bait each other, will be anything but an enviable situation.

It is a matter of curious speculation what the order of proceedings at this unprecedented gathering will be. The object of the meeting is to reconstruct the map of Europe according to the exigencies of the epoch, and re-write the treaties of 1815 accordingly. Perhaps the most effective way of commencing business would be for every Plenipotentiary to put in a map of Europe constructed according to his own ideas of justice and expediency; and then, having compared the various documents, to ascertain if there was any one single point upon which all, or even a majority of the Congress, were agreed. There would be some cases, of course, of limited agreement between two or three separate Powers. Russia and Italy would be well content that France should have the frontier of the Rhine. Germany would be delighted that France should acquire Genoa and Sardinia. Sweden might suggest Syria as a very eligible field for French aggrandizement, and Belgium would point out that the true field for French ambition lay upon the other side of the Pyrenees. Russia, as the most powerful, would probably combine the greatest number of enemies; but, even in her case, there would be a strong difference of opinion amongst her neighbours as to the provinces she ought first to be compelled to disgorge. Each would be moved by an irrepressible impulse of compassion to vindicate the wrongs of some victim of Russian oppression. Sweden would feel that there were no wrongs like the wrongs of Finland; Austria would mourn over the guilty partition of



Poland; Turkey would compose diplomatic eclogues upon the simple virtues of the inhabitants of Crim-Tartary. But if any Dane talked of Norwegian independence, the Swedish plenipotentiary would shrug his shoulders with contempt; Austria would fire up at the bare mention of Venetia; and the Turk would begin to say his prayers if any Infidel dog were to allude to the present sufferings or the old independence of Thessaly and Epirus. France would join vehemently with the Spaniards in the suggestion that Gibraltar ought to return to Spain; and she would quite understand that a legitimate sentiment of nationality prompted the Italians to join themselves to the Maltese. For, she would justly observe, the inhabitants of Gibraltar were once Spaniards, and the inhabitants of Malta are in the main Italians. But if any impertinent ally were to suggest that Strasburg was once, and is still, German, that Dunkirk is unmistakably Fleming, and that Algeria is obstinately Arab, she would only remark that he did not comprehend the demands of his epoch.

Perhaps the most amusing arrangement would be to require each Power to vote for some principle upon which the map of Europe should be reconstructed. For we live in an age of principles; and everybody who desires to help himself at his neighbour's expense has always some eternal truth or inalienable right to cite in his own justification. It would be instructive to observe how many Powers could vote for any one principle consistently in respect of all their claims. Nationality, as the most modern fancy of the kind, would first be put to the vote. Russia would vote aye in respect to the Slaves of Servia and Bosnia; no, in respect of Poland. Sweden would vote aye for Finland; no, as regards Norway. Denmark would vote aye for Norway; no, as respects Schleswig-Holstein. Germany would vote aye for Schleswig-Holstein and Alsace; no, for Posen, Hungary, and Venetia. France would vote aye as respects Geneva; no, as regards Alsace and Algeria. And so it would go on, through the States of Europe. We will not be unpatriotic enough to inquire how England might vote, if her plenipotentiary were present at such a division. A similar doubleness of sentiment would be elicited if the older, and almost antiquated, doctrine of a respect for treaties were brought up for judgment. With Cracow in her mind, Austria would vote that treaties were not worth much; but the mention of the word "Venetia" would revive her reverence for them in all its force. Spain might be inclined to pooh-pooh them when Olivença or the Slave-trade were under discussion; but the introduction of the topic of Mexico would lead her back to more orthodox views. Germany would idolize the sanctity of treaties on her Polish frontier, and treat them with sovereign contempt upon her Danish frontier. Italy would manifest that semi-developed reverence for them which would indicate that she remembered her origin, which would hardly consist with them, and her future, which would scarcely be secure without them. France would be almost the only power that could afford to set treaties at defiance; for they have done their worst upon her, and she has flourished in spite of them.

Whether NAPOLEON III. has sufficient sense of fun to have conceived this project merely for the sake of the amusement it would cause, is a question which future historians must decide. Undoubtedly a great portion of the joke would be at the expense of the country over which he rules. But if he could get over his aversion to that result, there is no doubt that considerable diversion might be taken out of the awkward contortions of the various European Governments as their various weak points were touched on. Their policy upon any ethical ground is so completely purposeless and inconsistent, the principles which they sometimes profess to revere are so absolutely hollow, that any meeting at which they were compelled to justify their respective policies by an appeal to any abstract doctrine could not fail to be rich in matter for amusement. Such disclosures, however, are not for the benefit of mankind. It is not good that men should see through the fictions by which they are habitually led. It is illegal to go physically naked; but the moral nudity which throws off those decorous clothes of principle and virtue under which politicians and States habitually conceal the natural shape and hue of their policy, is more injurious still to the mental well-being of the community. It is good that mankind should believe in the principles which are preached to them by those whom they respect; and therefore any trial which should display too palpably the hollowness and impracticability of such doctrines as that of nationality is much to be deprecated.

## AMERICA.

THE result of General LONGSTREET's operations at Knoxville will be expected with the deepest interest. The Federal accounts of the preliminary combats are, as usual, confused and contradictory, and the statement that the victorious Confederates suffered the heavier loss is merely a stereotyped form. The numbers of the contending armies are unknown, but it may be presumed that the besieging or attacking force is considerably the stronger. General BURNSIDE himself is unequally matched with LONGSTREET, who is considered, after LEE, the ablest officer in the Confederate service; but the courage of which BURNSIDE has given undoubted proofs may perhaps, in his present position, be as useful as strategical skill. A year ago, General BURNSIDE signalized his command of the army of the Potomac by marching straight against the centre of the heights of Fredericksburg in the midst of a converging fire, which ultimately compelled him to retire with the loss of a fourth or a third of his army. It is known that he was only deterred from renewing the hopeless enterprise by the unanimous resistance of his subordinate generals. The same obstinate reliance on sheer force may, perhaps, assist him in breaking through the beleaguering army, if his Government is unable to send reinforcements to Knoxville. The assertion that his position is impregnable may be so far true that it would be imprudent for the Confederates to assault the earthworks which have probably been thrown up for the defence of the open town; but, as Knoxville is completely invested, BURNSIDE must be relieved, or he must fight his way out, or he must surrender. As a part of the fortifications within half a mile of the place has been taken, it may possibly be necessary for the Federals to fight at once, and, according to the report from Washington, a battle was expected. It is scarcely possible, however, that LONGSTREET can have brought siege artillery with him, and consequently it is doubtful whether he can compel the immediate evacuation of the place. It is surprising that, with full notice of the Confederate plans, neither the Government nor General GRANT should have been able to furnish BURNSIDE with reinforcements which would at least have enabled him to meet LONGSTREET with equal numbers. The vigilance of General BRAGG will be severely taxed in detaining the main army of the Federals at Chattanooga, and General LEE may be trusted to take care that the army of the Potomac is fully employed in Virginia. BURNSIDE's communication with Cumberland Gap is interrupted, but the pass itself is probably still in Federal possession. If Knoxville is taken, LONGSTREET will have achieved the greatest success of the war, and his victory would probably be rewarded by his appointment to the chief command of the army of Tennessee. President DAVIS, by acquitting Bishop POLK of misconduct at the battle of Chicamauga, has virtually censured General BRAGG, who has evidently lost the confidence of his army. It is premature, however, to calculate the consequences of a triumph which is still uncertain. Neither combatant has, from the beginning of the war, attained a decisive success in any offensive movement. The total defeat of BURNSIDE would lead to the evacuation of Chattanooga, and to the recovery by the Confederates of nearly the whole of Tennessee. Such a close of the campaign of 1863 would not facilitate the enforcement of the draft which is announced for the 1st of January.

Some obscure proceedings on the frontiers of Texas and Mexico are thought to indicate the possibility of a collision between the United States and France; but General BANKS, who commands the Texas expedition in person, is a discreet and experienced politician, as well as an enterprising officer. There is no doubt that the Government of Washington is anxious to prevent a quarrel, as Mr. SEWARD has, with prudent steadiness, avoided all interference with the French projects in Mexico. General BANKS occupies Brownsville, on the left bank of the river which separates Texas from the Mexican port of Matamoras, now occupied by the troops of JUAREZ. The Governor of Matamoras has placed some steamers at the disposal of the Federal commander; and it was said that, in return, American troops were to be landed—on the pretext of protecting the American Consul—to prevent an expected revolution in favour of the French. The reports are probably incorrect or exaggerated, although the inhabitants of Matamoras will assuredly not favour the Federal cause at the expense of the new and lucrative trade which has been created by the proximity of the port to the frontier of Texas. An American garrison of the place would be as popular as a Spanish garrison at Gibraltar, and the French would not fail to profit by the indignation which would be caused by so daring an

encroachment. General BANKS must be fully aware that his Government has already enough on its hands without a foreign quarrel. Even the Northern Republicans have lately intermitted their demands for an immediate war with England. The Russians are forgotten, or are informed, with true American courtesy, that the *Ironsides* would, with a single broadside, blow their fleet out of the water, with all the barbarians on board. England, on the other hand, is contemptuously congratulated on the cowardly prudence which dictated the communication of the Confederate plot by the Government of Canada. The compliment will, perhaps, not be returned when the bare-armed Fenians of Chicago organize their invasion of Ireland; but a peaceable nation is thankful for even a temporary cessation of deafening bluster and menace. Mr. H. W. BEECHER, who a few months since used his utmost efforts to stimulate vulgar hostility to England, is so well pleased with his reception by the Dissenters and Abolitionists that he now assures his admirers that the working classes, and the great minds, as he calls them, of England, are friendly to the North. Even levity is a virtue when it interrupts obstinate persistence in wrong. Mr. BEECHER's recantation will not be as effective as his war Christianity, but, as long as he preaches peace, he will at least not be engaged in mischief. Perhaps it is as well that he should delude himself with the belief that his English admirers belonged to classes which possess moral or political influence in England. If his Brooklyn audience were accustomed to reason, they might perhaps draw useful inferences from his well-founded statement that two or three respectable members of the English Cabinet are personally friendly to the Federal cause. As the Duke of ARGYLL and the colleagues who share his American predilections have cordially supported Lord PALMERSTON's policy, it would seem to follow that the recognition of belligerent rights, the reclamations against the *Trent* outrage, and the persistent neutrality of the Government, have not been unpardonable demonstrations of lawless malignity. Popular preachers are not expected to be logical, but here and there the faculty of thinking must survive in their congregations. Perhaps some Christian Young Man of Brooklyn, with an intellect not wholly obscured by pulpit eloquence, may have wondered why the unctuous advocate of peace should, under precisely similar circumstances, have been formerly blatant for war.

The Republicans are perhaps the more disposed to suspend their animosity to England as their supremacy at home is universally acknowledged. Their triumph at the State elections is not the less real because, in Maryland and elsewhere, it has been obtained by systematic disregard of the laws which provide for freedom of voting. The majority in the entire North is strong enough to disregard the rights of the local majority in Maryland. Public opinion approves of the illegal tests which General SCHENK imposed on the electors, and of his prohibition of every candidature which might have been disagreeable to his Government. Sceptical observers of the working of universal suffrage are not altogether surprised to find that it requires regulation and correction in America as well as in France. An artificial contrivance for enabling the multitude to exercise an unnatural supremacy is disregarded when its operation interferes with the will of the party which happens to be strongest. Even where there is no excuse of disloyalty to the Union, the Republicans of New York, and perhaps of some other large cities, are beginning to meditate, on their own account, one of the movements which General BUTLER described as a rebellion of the rich against the poor. Notwithstanding their present unprosperous condition, the Democrats command a majority of 20,000 in the city elections, but the dominant faction, although it allies itself with a political party, is essentially identical with the mob. Those of the rioters of last June who had votes would have supported the Democratic candidates at an election, and the class to which they belong has for several years elected the members of the Corporation. The present Mayor is a Republican, but the Aldermen and Common Council represent the mob, and they have used their large fiscal powers so as to create serious alarm among the owners of property. Mr. BRIGHT himself could not have devised a representative system in which the functions of imposing and of paying taxes were more carefully separated. The municipal burdens of New York have often been described as intolerable, but the Corporation outdid itself in its grant of three millions of dollars for the purpose of defeating the draft. The respectable Republicans who wished to furnish Mr. LINCOLN with the soldiers whom he required, found themselves compelled to pay a pecuniary penalty for the disappointment of their hopes. They are now discussing the possibility of reforming the franchise in

such a manner that the irresponsible rabble may be deprived of the control of the City funds. A more reasonable, more legitimate, and more inconsistent policy has never been promoted by any political party. The supporters of the scheme say, with perfect truth, that a limitation of the franchise is compatible with republican principles, and they might add that in a mixed community it is indispensable to the enjoyment of freedom. When, however, they profess their unabated adherence to the doctrines of democratic equality, they only betray their weakness. Their adversaries will have little difficulty in proving that universal suffrage ought to be universal. The success of the intelligent part of the population will be slow, even if it proves to be ultimately possible. In the mean time, the Americans may perhaps work out for themselves some useful lessons which they have refused to learn from the history of ancient and modern Europe. Parochial or municipal experience often corrects political delusions, and the citizens of New York understand the jobs of their own Corporation better than the remoter corruption of Washington. The future conflict of privilege and numbers may perhaps have a wider area than the quarrel which is now receiving a partial decision in the neighbourhood of Knoxville.

#### LAW REPORTING.

MEETINGS of the Bar, and, indeed, all forms of united professional action, have become so rare as almost to obliterate the old corporate idea which once knit together the members of the Inns of Court. Few persons can remember any occasion of the kind, if we except the rather military than professional meeting that led to the formation of the Volunteer corps which still represents as vigorously as ever the loyalty and physical energy of the legal profession. The mere fact that the Bar has been summoned together by its chief, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, to pass resolutions on matters of professional and public interest, is in itself a sufficiently significant proof that the grievance which has called out so much unwonted energy is too intolerable to be much longer endured. And it is a grievance which presses almost as much upon the public as on the profession. The singular methods by which the law of England has been constructed and preserved may seem to have been devised for the express purpose of creating uncertainty and confusion. If a new law has to be promulgated by the authority of the Legislature, the last process which the unhappy Bill undergoes is to be mangled, clause by clause, in the heat of a debate in Committee, until all trace of legal precision and consistency is completely annihilated. The remedy for the obscurities of Statute Law is, it is true, supplied at last by the gradual accumulation of judicial interpretations, so that most enactments, by the time they are a hundred years old, acquire a definite meaning of some sort, though often far enough from the intention of their framers. But this process of judicial legislation, as at present conducted, is exposed to almost as many uncertainties as the Statute Law itself; and when it is borne in mind that by far the greater part of our legal principles are supposed to be drawn from the unfathomable wells of the Common Law, it is obvious that any defects which vitiate the recorded judgments of the Courts must have a much wider scope than those which are limited to the Statute Law. It is undeniable, therefore, that in attempting to deal with this matter the Bar has entered upon an undertaking of which the importance cannot be exaggerated. It is almost more needful for the well-being of society that the law should be certain than that it should be wise. If the nearly unanimous opinion of the profession is to be trusted, this certainty is not secured by the present machinery of the Courts, and the fault is acknowledged to lie in the singular means adopted for authenticating the judgments in which the law is embodied. If nothing else should result from the recent action of the Bar, it is something to have obtained a formal recognition of the evils denounced in the memorable speech of the LORD CHANCELLOR, by which the Bar has at length been moved to turn its attention to the subject. Whatever future discussion there may be as to the direction which the desired reform should take must rest on the basis of the resolution passed on Wednesday last, "That the present system of preparing, editing, and publishing the reports of judicial decisions in this country requires amendment."

To describe the system is, in fact, to supply the strongest argument, if argument were wanted, in support of such a resolution. The law which, by a convenient fiction, is supposed to dwell in the breasts of the judges really does find its home in that vast mass of volumes which contain the reported decisions of the Courts. The reports are the

Decer  
law in  
the ext  
being al  
Practica  
partly  
as Mr.  
that En  
writing  
in con  
not nov  
the pre  
code is  
at any  
directio  
certain  
Those v  
cient ac  
are, in  
laymen  
shall pu  
is, that  
is at li  
most p  
there sh  
is extr  
will eas  
by som  
happen  
of the p  
by the  
with th  
multipl  
records  
liberty  
cular v  
sions.  
to that  
Acts p  
author  
public  
of the  
The  
judge-  
demna  
being  
accura  
all qu  
be on  
law s  
know  
impos  
the en  
lated,  
rapid  
prece  
ever  
are r  
ambit  
show  
their  
with  
incre  
of la  
part.  
recogn  
condo  
defea  
may  
Engl  
lidati  
bard  
annu  
gress  
sift  
pum  
the  
flood  
pose  
auth  
equa  
the  
loss  
unfo  
to l  
lawy



law in almost as strict a sense as the Statute Book itself, the extreme deference paid to authority in this country being almost equivalent in its effects to legislative sanction. Practically, therefore, it is a fiction to say that our law is partly written and partly unwritten, the truth being, as Mr. MAINE pointed out in his work on *Ancient Law*, that English law consists of two portions, both committed to writing—the one in obscurely worded statutes, the other in confused and sometimes conflicting reports. It is not now the time to contrast this peculiar system with the precision and condensation of a scientific code. A code is by common consent out of our reach, for the present at any rate; and, whatever aspirations we may indulge in this direction, the first step must be to introduce something like certainty into the reports from which the law is derived. Those who compile the reports (so long as they preserve sufficient accuracy to save their publications from utter disrepute) are, in fact, the acknowledged promulgators of the law; and laymen will naturally ask what provision there is that they shall publish the judges' law, and not their own. The answer is, that there is no such provision at all. Any one who pleases is at liberty to print reports, and those reports are, for the most part, accepted as of almost equal authority. That there should not be more conflict between their rival records is extremely creditable to these volunteer reporters; but it will easily be understood that, when every Court is attended by some half-dozen independent reporters, it does sometimes happen that there are as many substantially different versions of the points decided. A sort of precedence, it is true, is claimed by the so-called regular reporters, who are in general appointed with the sanction of the judge; but the practical effect of a multiplicity of reports, none of them stamped as the authentic records of the Court, is that a judge always feels himself at liberty to regard as the genuine law of the Court that particular version of it which most accords with his own impressions. The uncertainty thus introduced is exactly analogous to that which would be imported into the Statute Book if the Acts passed in every Session, instead of being published by authority, were left to find their way into the hands of the public through the medium of the reporters in the galleries of the Houses of Parliament.

The want of authenticity and certainty in the records of judge-made law is the main evil which called forth the condemnatory resolution of the Bar meeting. But it is far from being the only evil of the present system. If the entire accuracy of every reported case could be guaranteed beyond all question, the mischief of the present system would be only half cured. It is essential, not only that the law should be certain, but that it should be certainly known by those whose duty it is to give legal advice, and it is impossible that it should be known while it lies buried under the enormous mass of reports which have already accumulated, and are increasing every year with greater and greater rapidity. For one judgment that is of any real value as a precedent, a score of decisions involving no principle whatever are added to the lawyer's library, and many of these are repeated in several different publications. The great ambition, especially of the cheaper series of reports, is to show in their annual index a larger list of cases than any of their rivals; and the law is rapidly becoming encumbered with a mass of worthless matter which, at its present rate of increase, threatens soon to overwhelm the most indefatigable of lawyers. When the whole law was contained in a tenth part of the compass which it now occupies, Lord Bacon recognised the necessity of affording some relief by a judicious condensation of the then existing records. His efforts were defeated, and the evil has now grown to a magnitude which may well appal the most determined student of the law of England. It would be idle to attempt any sort of consolidation of the law as it already exists, if it is to be burdened in future with additions so formidable as are annually poured forth by competing reporters. The progress of the evil must be checked before attempting to sift the records of the past. It is in vain to strive to pump out a ship while the leak gains on the utmost efforts of the crew; and with an annual deluge of redundant matter flooding the records of the law it would be to as little purpose to struggle to reduce the past accumulations. While authenticity is the first necessity, condensation is almost equally required, and this at least as much in the interests of the public as of the profession. If the law is uncertain, the loss falls on litigants who are tempted into the assertion of unfounded claims, or the refusal of rights which turn out to be irresistible. Whatever adds to the difficulties of lawyers inevitably increases the expenses of their clients.

Authenticity and condensation mean, for the public, certainty and economy.

We have dwelt exclusively on these broad grounds for the reform which it is now attempted to introduce, because they are those which most deeply concern the whole community, but there are other inconveniences which may have helped to swell the indignation of the profession at the present system. There is, first, the unreasonable expense to which every practising barrister is put. The competition which in other matters tends to cheapness has here exactly the opposite effect. It is not enough that a barrister may pay for what he considers the best executed and best selected set of reports. The deference paid to authority in our courts lays a necessity upon those who practise in them to know every case that touches the subject-matter of an argument, however little it may have deserved a report, and however imperfectly that report may have been prepared. The effect is that the shelves of a lawyer's library are loaded with duplicate and more than duplicate reports for the most part of decisions which, however important to the particular suitors, have done nothing whatever for the advancement of the law. The members of the Bar groan under the burden of reading and noting up so much valueless matter, and justly complain of the tax which the system lays upon them.

We have given a brief sketch of the evils which prompted the resolution of the Bar meeting, and must reserve for another occasion the more difficult question of the remedy to be applied. It is to be hoped, however, that the Committee to whom the matter has been referred will bear in mind, that no reform can be effectual which does not add to the certainty of the recorded judgments of the Courts, and at the same time largely reduce the bulk and consequent expense of the annual volumes of reports.

#### THE SEARCH AFTER HEALTH.

A PHILANTHROPIST has lately laid his history before the public, and although the record may provoke a passing smile, yet no one who reads it can doubt the earnestness and sincerity of the writer, or his hearty desire to benefit his fellow-creatures. It is simply the narrative of a man who was tremendously fat, who tried hard for years on years to thin himself, and who has at last succeeded. He wishes to let the world know how he vanquished his terrible enemy, and how at last the Demon of Corpulence fled from him. This is really a great kindness, and a man who, without fear of ridicule and simply from benevolent motives, comes forward to reveal an experience of this kind, is doing a service which his fellow-creatures ought to recognise. Mr. Banting, the gentleman who has had the courage and good feeling to write and publish this narrative, not long ago measured five feet five inches, and weighed about fourteen stone and a quarter. He owns that he had a great deal to bear from his unfortunate make. In the first place, the little boys in the streets laughed at him; in the next place, he could not tie his own shoes; and lastly, he had, it appears, to come down stairs backwards. But he was a man who struggled gallantly, and whatever he was recommended to do he honestly tried to carry out. He drank mineral waters, and consulted physicians, and took sweet counsel with innumerable friends, but all was in vain. He lived upon sixpence a day and earned it, so that the favourite recipe of Abernethy failed in his case. He went into all sorts of vapour baths and shampooing baths. He took no less than ninety Turkish baths, but nothing did him any good; he was still as fat as ever. A kind friend recommended increased bodily exertion every morning, and nothing seemed more likely to be effectual than rowing. So this stout warrior with fat got daily into a good, safe, heavy boat, and rowed a couple of hours. But he was only pouring water into the bucket of the Danaides. What he gained in one way he lost in another. His muscular vigour increased, but then, with this, there came a prodigious appetite which he felt compelled to indulge, and consequently he got even fatter than he had been. At last he hit upon the right adviser, who told him what to do, and whose advice has been so successful that Mr. Banting can now walk down stairs forwards, put his old clothes quite over the suit that now fits him, and, far from being made the victim of unkind or ill-judged chaff, is universally congratulated on his pleasant and becoming appearance. The machinery by which this change was effected was of a very simple kind. He was simply told to leave off eating anything but meat. It appears that none of his numerous friendly advisers, and none of the physicians he consulted, penetrated so far into the secrecy of his domestic habits as to have discovered that twice a day he used formerly to indulge in bowls of bread and milk. The Solomon who saved him cut off this great feeder of fat, and since then Mr. Banting has been a thinner and a happier man.

This little story seems to us worth dwelling on in many ways, and as its hero has made it public, from love of his kind, there is no indelicacy in referring to it. It reveals a side of human life of which little account is taken, but which is of immense importance to those whom it concerns. We know but little of our neighbours, and one of the bars to our knowledge is that we very rarely

can appreciate that search after health which may be to some, perhaps, the most engrossing of their occupations. Of course, when an acquaintance is a confirmed and pronounced invalid, we understand his situation in some measure, although the illnesses of neighbours in comfortable circumstances are perhaps the form of human misery of which least account is taken. It is not the duty of any one to protect, or comfort, or relieve them, and passive pity is, as moralists have often observed, one of the very weakest feelings of the heart. But there is very often a search after health on the part of those whom no one suspects of having any occasion to make the search, and which makes them live in a world of their own, more perhaps than any other form of human endeavour. Men or women who are in love are absorbed and occupied for the moment, and those who have been disappointed have first a sharp sorrow, and then a long, lingering, and often bitter remembrance. But, as Mr. Thackeray has taken such frequent occasion to reveal to the world, the sorrows of the heart are capable of great alleviation. Alphonso, as he observes, takes his pint of claret and cuts his pheasant with as much relish and interest as if the portrait of Phyllis did not repose on his bosom. Phyllis herself looks up the withered roses which she gathered by moonlight, with her old gloves, and is only restrained by a passing feeling of compunction from letting her maid clean out all the contents of the drawer at once. But the man in search after health, if he is a keen searcher, never pauses. Mr. Banting tells us that he has been employed for many years in some kind of business more or less official. When his fellow clerks or colleagues saw their fat friend arrive, they perhaps made some of those personal remarks or indulged in some of those personal gestures which obesity, as Mr. Banting complains, provokes from the frivolous and the unsympathetic. But they little thought that he had been rowing for two hours in a great heavy boat; or, if they penetrated to that mere husk of fact, that outer shell of his life, they could never have imagined that it was not the boat or his rowing in it which was to him the central object of thought, but the remembrance of that monstrous, insatiable, hydra-like appetite which undid all that the boat had done, and even made matters worse. They could not guess the bitterness and anguish of feeling with which he perhaps thought of or hopelessly kicked together those shoes which he could not see or tie, but which his hard, honest rowing had made still further off from him than ever. Fancy torments invalids even more than reality when the illness is not very great or pressing, and we may guess that not the least of the trials of a man in this position must be the sensation that his unseen and unknown feet are something alien and foreign to him; that he cannot say, as Touchstone says of Audrey, "they are poor things, but my own;" and that he has to carry about him day and night an *orbis ignotus*, an undiscovered hemisphere—the world below his stomach, with which he is so strangely connected, and from which he is so strangely separated.

Nor is justice more often done to the gallantry with which the contest is carried on, and the unrelenting zeal with which the fair vision of health or thinness is pursued, than to the trials that have to be encountered, and to the weight of thought that burdens the mind of the seeker. It requires great courage to go on in anything that is disagreeable, and to bear up against fatigue, and, still more, to bear up against disappointment, when the fatigue and the disappointment are protracted through twenty years. Many men have a vague wish that they too were always well, and kept the lustre and slenderness of their youth. But they do not desire this earnestly. They will not give up comfortable and luxurious habits for it. They will not decline to drink a bottle when a pint would be enough for them. They will not refuse two helpings when the jaded appetite whispers to them to take only one. The real true zealous searcher after health goes to work in a very different spirit. He is content to be defeated over and over again, and always goes on hoping for victory. Very high qualities of mind may be displayed in this way, and the perseverance and patience which lead other men to distinction or wealth, or to miracles of successful enterprise, are rivalled by the qualities which are revealed in such a man as Mr. Banting. Let any one put the whole situation before him, and he must have a sublime confidence in his own resolution if he believes that he would certainly do as well. Let us picture Mr. Banting after two or three weeks of this gigantic struggle between the boat before breakfast and the appetite at breakfast. Things are going sadly with him, and as he comes down stairs with his slow backward motion he might well succumb to the notion that all things are vanity, that it is useless to go on, and that he can never, do what he will, come down stairs like the rest of his race. He might easily feel as a tired traveller feels on the snowy heights of the Alps—that it would be so sweet to be still, and to rest, and to acquiesce in fate. But as the experienced mountaineer flees from the deadly bed of repose in the snow, and presses on at all hazards, and will not for an instant relax his march, knowing that to despair is to die, so a man with the mental gifts of Mr. Banting holds on and will not pause. He is beaten in one direction only to try another. If it is in vain that he has gone backwards down his own stairs to his boat, he hopes better things if he changes the scene and goes backwards down lodging-house stairs to drink the mineral waters of Lennington and Harrogate. All men have not opportunities of showing courage and determination on a great scale, and we are very apt to think very little of courage and determination on a little scale. But just as the spiritual virtues may blossom as freely in the bedridden pauper as in the bishop,

so the heroic virtues may be just as truly found in persons in whom we should scarcely look for them—in an elderly gentleman, for example, whom we might meet coming down stairs backwards at a watering-place, as in Franklin or Parry or Speke.

But if the inner life—the secret miseries and gallant qualities of these searchers after health—is often overlooked, so also are the pleasures they experience. Any little progress is so truly delightful to them. A lover, it has often been said, cannot make love all the twenty-four hours; a man who sings of and tastes the purple wine cannot go beyond his maximum of liquor; a sportsman must come to the end of the chase, and twilight drives him from the field. But a man can lose flesh all the twenty-four hours long. At any moment he can summon up some sensation that tells him of triumphant advance. Walker, in his amusing and instructive work, *The Original*, charmed the public by the artless and spirited revelations he made of his domestic habits, of the care he took with his diet, and of the extraordinary success with which his care was attended. He does not appear to have been an invalid, but he wished for more than what most men call health. He wished for radiant, beaming, perpetual health, and he thought he had found the secret. So he wrote a careful and accurate account of all he ate and drank, how he had it cooked and served, in what order he partook of the dishes that ministered to his well-being, and what was the theory by which they were each made to balance and supplement the other. And he tells us that he at last got into so perfect and almost unearthly a state of health, that all impurity fell off from him, that his skin could not be dirtied even if he did not wash it, and that his corns faded away like ghosts at dawn. Mr. Banting's experience has been little less satisfactory. What a moment it must have been to him when the precious thought first gleamed on him, and, in the palpitation of alternate hope and fear, he began to suspect that it was the bread and milk that did it, and that if he gave up that simple confection he might yet be thin. Nor could the subsequent pleasure have been much inferior when this first bright vision was confirmed by experience, and he set himself to keep the calendar or periodical register of his weight, which he publishes in his pamphlet, and which measured for him and for his friends the rate of his great triumph. The pleasures of a seeker after health are at once physical and intellectual in a high degree. The physical pleasures of lightness, the bright cheerful sight of his long-lost feet, the airy boldness of coming down stairs face forwards, must have been each full of its own thrilling satisfaction; but not less intense must have been the mental delights that came at the same time—the nice calculations of weight and size, the interest in decimals, the perception of all the consequences to the conqueror himself and to mankind at large. It certainly does not diminish all this variety of pleasure that few can share it at all, and none can share it wholly; but still it is increased, like all pleasure, so far as it is shared, and Mr. Banting will, we hope, reap some extra satisfaction from the knowledge that others can appreciate his exertions and enter into his feelings as well as profit by his revelations.

#### A PLEA FOR PLAYERS.

IN the December *Cornhill* Mrs. Fanny Kemble has given us what we may assume to be the final result of her experience and meditations *On the Stage*. The utterances of a Kemble on such a subject are sure to carry weight; and it is solely for this cause, and not for their intrinsic value, that we are tempted to examine the merits of this lady's essay. It professes to deal not so much with the drama as with the actor's art—a subject on which, in these days, when we look round in vain for any practical standard of excellence, it is not undesirable that some clear ideas should be arrived at. Some help towards these might have been expected from one who combines no small literary practice with the actual experience of a histrionic career. But, unhappily, the lady seems not to have very clear ideas on the subject herself, and is so constantly upsetting in one paragraph the propositions of another, that it is very hard to make out what she would have us think about the qualities that go to the making of a great actor, or the rank he holds among other artists. In one breath, she claims for him the highest qualities of mind and person, original and acquired; and, in the next, she tells us that his "art requires no study worthy of the name; it creates nothing, it perpetuates nothing." "His labour consists in exciting momentary emotion." "His most persevering efforts can only benefit, by a passionate pleasure of at most a few years' duration, the playgoing public of his own immediate day." These are sayings hard enough to reconcile; but yet one can understand how even a Kemble, not gifted with imagination, should disparage an art that leaves no results which the hands can touch or the eye can rest on. But it is indeed hard to understand how any Kemble—most of all one who owes her position, and what little celebrity she may have achieved, solely to the name she bears—should have summed up her conclusions as to the followers of the art which ennobled that name in the words, "*They are fitly recompensed with money and applause, to whom may not justly belong the rapture of creation, the glory of patient and protracted toil, and the love and honour of grateful posterity.*" If spirits could be evoked, the indignant manes of Mrs. Kemble's ancestors might be expected to rise in vehement protest against a doctrine so dishonouring to themselves and to their art. Had their aims been no higher than money and applause, their names would never have risen above the common herd. Had money and applause been their fit and only recompense,

Mrs. F. which higher with value the promising Kemble just, su draw its prof own ju doctrin momen peculiar that so shallow encour find on has gi dramas

Mrs. of repr ceiving the hig saying, vivid than a senting under maunc much from t has to manife a kind tion to in the artists power what imple almost subord a firm

But origina "of th repres mind. so sim attem comm Hours simila must creati anew natur think felt, a must, fact, this, this, a K us, poet's of the unde "hea own with what sea, t

are t portu Phid mind again stam persi disti Mrs. is as its p most is tr beau Tint which saw awft men the



Mrs. Fanny Kemble would never have emerged from the obscurity which attaches to very ordinary literary ability. But they had higher aims, and therefore they are remembered; and posterity, with an instinct of unconscious reverence, has rated beyond their value the powers of the only member of the family who is now prominently before them. Had the conclusion to which Mrs. Kemble brings us been as just as we hope to show it to be unjust, surely it was not for her, of all people in the world, to draw it. If she had nothing better to say of the stage and its professors, she would have done well to have mistrusted her own judgment, and held her peace. Never, moreover, was any doctrine more thoroughly ill-timed; for never was it of greater moment than now, when everybody seems to fancy that neither peculiar natural gifts nor special study are necessary for the stage, that some authoritative voice should speak in warning to the shallow pretenders who seek it from the vilest motives, and of encouragement to those who are led to it from higher aims, but find only too many discouragements in a state of things which has given over our theatres to scene-painters and sensation dramas.

Mrs. Kemble says rightly, that "the combination of the power of representing passion and emotion with that of imagining or conceiving it is essential to make a good actor; their combination in the highest possible degree alone makes a great one." This is only saying, in other words, that a good actor must not only have the poet's vivid sympathy with the passions and emotions of natures other than and different from his own, but must possess the art of presenting lifelike and consistent portraits of ideal personages under the influence of these passions and emotions, in such a manner that all shall recognise their truth to nature, however much aloof from ordinary experience. What the poet indicates, from the very nature of the case, imperfectly in words, the actor has to complete by voice, and action, and deportment. It is manifest that a power of this order can no more be common than a kindred power in painting, sculpture, or poetry. The imagination to conceive and the skill to execute in perfection meet only in the few, whose names escape the oblivion that awaits all artists, however gifted, in whom they are not combined. But the power, even in a modified degree, is, by the mere statement of what it has to do and can do, one of a very high order. It implies deep sensibility; strong, yet tempered imagination; an almost intuitive faculty of observation; and a sense of fitness which subordinates its conceptions to the laws of good taste, and keeps a firm mastery over passion in its very "tempest and whirlwind."

But, while Mrs. Kemble implicitly admits this, she denies all originality to the actor. "The most original process," she says, "of the actor's art—that is, the conception of the character to be represented—is a mere reception of the creation of another's mind." And is this, looking at it from the lowest point of view, so simple a matter? Men of great gifts have won a name by attempts, more or less successful, to develop, by way of critical commentary, a just conception of our great dramatist's characters. Hours and years of study are given by many of us to working out similar conceptions most imperfectly for ourselves. But the actor must do more than this. It is not enough that he shall receive the creation of another's mind into his own. He must create it anew for himself. He must throw himself, as it were, into the nature of the man he is to represent; he must feel with him, think with him, act with him, as that man would have thought, felt, and acted under the given circumstances of the drama. He must, by strong imagination, identify himself with, and be, in fact, the creature of the poet's brain. Unless he can do this, he will never be more than a clever declaimer. Do this, and he becomes a Betterton, a Garrick, a Talma, or a Kean. Set an actor or actress of this stamp before us, and what floods of light do they flash upon the poet's page. What was Racine's *Phèdre*, for example, to us of this age, till Rachel made her live before us? How undefined, how colourless even the "divine Imogen" and "heavenly Rosalind," till they were made realities for us by our own Helen Faucit? It may be said of either painter or sculptor, with equal truth, that he does not create, but merely receives what has been created by the eternal mind. Sky, mountain, and sea, and

Sun, and moon, and stars, throughout the year,  
And man and woman,

are far more glorious than anything that brush or chisel ever portrayed. But do we deny originality to Claude or Turner, to Phidias or to Gibson, because they have received into their own minds some of nature's grandeur or beauty, and given it forth again on canvas or in stone? Just as their work bears on it the stamp of their own individuality, so is a great actor's impersonation of a poet's conception pervaded by his own distinctive genius. In the abstract it may be true, as Mrs. Kemble says, that "the character of 'Lady Macbeth' is as majestic, awful, and poetical, whether it be worthily filled by its pre-eminent representative Mrs. Siddons, or unworthily by the most incompetent of ignorant provincial tragedy queens;" just as it is true that Palestrina or the Lake of Nemi remains perennially beautiful, whether painted by a Turner or by the feeblest of Dick Tintos. But even as Turner fixed for us on canvas that beauty which he alone of all men saw in these scenes, so, for those who saw Mrs. Siddons, Lady Macbeth was infinitely more majestic, awful, and poetical than she was in the poet's pages. The ablest men and women of her time admitted this, and were grateful to the genius that brought them by the force of its conception to a

truer comprehension of the poet's purpose. And let it not be forgotten that the sister arts of sculpture and painting have never accomplished a similar result. Innumerable painters of unquestionable genius have striven to embody on canvas their conceptions of some one mood or aspect of Shakespeare's men and women. Which of them has ever succeeded? And yet actors and actresses have presented us with full and living embodiments which left us nothing to wish for but this—that some medium could have been found to give them perpetuity. And if actors have done this for Shakespeare, what have they not done for inferior dramatists? Every playgoer's memory must supply him with instances where the actor has, in the strictest sense, created the part which has made the fortunes of the poet's play. Search his pages; you may find the action and the situations, it is true, but of the man or woman whose image has been most deeply impressed on your remembrance by the performer's skill, you will discover but the faintest trace. This has been true at all periods of the stage. In mercy to the sensibilities of still living dramatists, we forbear from illustrations from our own time, otherwise it would not be difficult to show that the great actor does not merely "receive the creation of another mind," but himself originates the conception which he embodies.

When Mrs. Kemble tells us that the art which can do this "requires no study worthy of the name," we are indeed amazed. If this were true, for no art can heaven-born genius be so essential; in no art can success be so entirely due to pure inspiration:—

It requires (says Mrs. Kemble) in its professors the imagination of the poet, the ear of the musician, the eye of the painter and sculptor, and, over and above these, a faculty peculiar to itself, inasmuch as the actor personally fulfils and embodies his conception; his own voice is his cunningly modulated instrument; his own face the canvas whereon he portrays the various expressions of his passion; his own frame the mould in which he casts the images of beauty and majesty that fill his brain; and whereas the painter and sculptor may select, of all possible attitudes, occupations, and expressions, the most favourable to the beautiful effect they desire to produce, and fix, and bid it so remain fixed for ever, the actor must live and move through a temporary existence of poetry and passion, and preserve throughout its duration that ideal grace and dignity, of which the canvas and the marble give but a silent and motionless image.

And Mrs. Kemble might have added, that while poet, painter, or sculptor may select their times and seasons, may try and try again until the effect they aim at is achieved, the actor must attack his task, whatever his mood, and must hit his aim at once, with a hundred unsympathetic eyes and ears bent in judgment on each change of feature, and awake to catch every inflection of his tones. His failures must not be seen; "the marks of his brush"—to borrow a painter's phrase—must not be permitted to catch the eye. And yet this art "requires no study worthy of the name!" What does Mrs. Kemble mean by study worthy of the name? To enlighten and strengthen the moral nature, to enrich the memory and the imagination with all that is best in the history of our race, to familiarize the eye and the thoughts with all that is fairest in nature and in art, so that he should be

Complete in feature and in mind,

With all good grace to grace a gentleman,

would seem to be the studies natural, and indeed essential, to any man, however gifted, who aspired to be what Mrs. Kemble has said a good actor must be. And had Mrs. Kemble taken pains to study the history of the dramatic art, she would have learned that such were the studies of the best actors of the past.

Mrs. Kemble says that their art has "neither fixed rules, specific principles, indispensable rudiments, nor fundamental laws." Of this outsiders like ourselves have perhaps no right to speak. But if this be so, it is certainly strange that even great actors rarely attain to excellence save after much practice and long and laborious exercise of their vocation. Mrs. Siddons herself failed when she first appeared in London, and this even after she had been long upon the stage. What she had become by study and practice in the interval between that failure and her next appearance made success certain. One cannot but surmise that, before she had reached this point, she had mastered certain "specific principles and fundamental laws." All artists must begin with learning the use of their tools. Raffaele went through many studies, and grew familiar with many common rules, before he produced the *Madonna di San Sisto*. Mario had to get rid of much, and to learn much, before he had all the resources of the actor's art so thoroughly at command as to enable him to delight Europe with his fine impersonation of *Raoul*.

That other authorities as competent as Mrs. Kemble do consider the actor's art to be governed by fundamental laws, we gather from the remark, which she mentions as having been made of herself, towards the close of her theatrical career, "by one of the masters of the stage of the present day"—that she was "ignorant of the first rudiments of her profession." However this may be, it is certain that she failed signally as an actress, though ushered to the stage with every advantage of education, and under such kindness of encouragement from the public as no one perhaps ever enjoyed. Had it been possible for so self-assured a person to be troubled by any of those misgivings which beset true power, it might ere now have occurred to Mrs. Kemble that this failure was probably due to her neglect of the understood rules of the actor's art, not less than to that ever present consciousness of self so conspicuous in her books, which is fatal to excellence in all creative art, and in none more than that which she so unwisely disparages. Readers of Mrs. Fanny Butler's *American Journal* have not forgotten the contemptuous spirit in which she spoke there of the actor's vocation, at a time when she was actively engaged in it. She could never forget the glare of the footlights. The property-man and the

scene-shifter put her out. The boarding and canvas of Juliet's balcony upset her "vivid and versatile organization." Why was all this? Simply because she lacked the primary requisite of a great actress—the strong imagination which can live in its own conceptions, which can, with Juliet, hear the nightingale "nightly sing in yon pomegranate tree," and look beyond the most incapable of stage Romeos to the very Romeo of Juliet's love. Therefore was it that Mrs. Fanny Kemble was, among the actresses of her time, one of what she would call the most "theatrical," but what is better described as the most stagey. She was never in earnest, never genuine. She had neither the intuitions of genius nor its patient striving after perfection. She thought herself above her art—it was "repugnant to her"—when she was, in fact, far beneath it. To her, no doubt, did not belong "the rapture of creation, the glory of patient and protracted toil;" but not, therefore, have these been unknown to the great ornaments of the stage, whose names carry with them "the love and honour of grateful posterity," which never denies this tribute to those who added lustre to their own generation, and whom its sires and grandsires delighted to honour and to love.

#### HONOURABLE IGNORANCE.

EARLY in the present century, it was the happiness of a certain set of exquisites, of whom the late Mr. Theodore Hook was the literary exponent, to be ignorant of those squares that lie to the north of Holborn. As Cyrano de Bergerac recounted his voyages to the sun and moon, as Gulliver narrated his discovery of all sorts of mythical countries, as Fielding recorded his *Journey to the Next World*, so did satirical travellers, thirty-five years ago, describe the perilous adventures that had befallen them in their efforts to discover Russell Square, and the curious manners and customs that revealed themselves when the obscure region had been actually found. It was deemed exquisitely funny to talk of the mock turtle of northern London, as though it were the puppy-broth of some half-civilized people; and he who guessed that Bloomsbury Square was in the immediate neighbourhood of Hackney would have been regarded as a wit of no inconsiderable magnitude.

We often hear of people being proud of their acquirements. There are also many species of ignorance which are equally causes of self-satisfaction. "Knowledge is power," has become a maxim so popular that it serves as a basis for every institution for the promotion of smattering, from the Christian Young Men's Association to the educational establishments where French is taught in six lessons. "Many branches of knowledge are snobbish," is a proposition that has not been reduced to a universally recognised form, but its soundness is not less universally admitted, though people are by no means agreed as to what constitutes snobism. Indeed, the fate of the word "snob" is very peculiar. Widely as it is used, it has never been able to establish itself as a regular item in the English vocabulary, nor to secure a definite signification. At the beginning of the century, it simply denoted a cobbler—not a person of the same social status as a cobbler, but a man who actually mended shoes; and in this sense it is still used by street-boys. Later in the day, especially when respectability became despisable, it denoted those men who rejoiced in the citizen-like virtues, and whose position was certainly much higher than that of the occupant of a stall. In this sense it corresponded as nearly as possible to the *Philister* of the German students. Later still, the "snob" became an entirely different person. Thanks to the exertions of Mr. Thackeray, snobism denoted a worship of rank, tuft-hunting being a particular species of which it was the genus. The third "snob" differed as much from the second as both of them differed from the first. Snob the second, while he paid his way, refrained from wicked habits and words, and went regularly to chapel (for he was commonly a Dissenter), never thought of assuming rank or fashion. A sturdy democrat, of a very peculiar kind, such as is probably not to be found out of commercial countries, he looked down on the mob without looking up to the aristocracy, and though he respected many conventionalities, fashion was not one of them. The Byronicist was his natural foe, and the Byronicist, while he hated respectability, never wished to become unfashionable. On the conventions of fashion and respectability, and the almost natural antagonism that exists between them, a long essay might be written.

In the days of the exploring expeditions to the North of London, the inhabitants of the squares were looked upon as very opulent specimens of the second kind of snob, and hence a very great intimacy with their topography implied something like snobism in the *savant*. Over-familiarity with certain spots being looked upon as compromising to a fashionable reputation, an absolute ignorance respecting the geography of these places was necessarily regarded as a comical exaggeration of an unquestionable virtue. This species of blissful ignorance has now entirely passed away. The importance of the opulent middle classes is now so clearly recognised that their social position is beyond the power of a jest; and a man who, at the present day, asserted that he did not know the whereabouts of Russell Square, far from eliciting a smile of approval, would only be thought to make an honest confession of ignorance, just as if he said that he did not know the latitude of St. Petersburg. The change is, indeed, indicated by the use of the word "snob" established by Mr. Thackeray. Snob the third is not the man who lives at Bloomsbury; but the man who ventured

to laugh at Bloomsbury for the amusement of his Belgravian friends would certainly receive that dignified appellation.

Ignorance as to the topography of Bloomsbury was thus only honourable under certain exceptional circumstances. But there are certain kinds of ignorance that are always in good repute. In a mixed company, the ignoramus who innocently inquired what trade was indicated by the sign of three balls would unquestionably make a better figure than a pedant who poured forth vast stores of knowledge on the subject of duplicates, showed a remarkable facility in computing the interest payable upon small loans, and elaborately explained what was meant by backing. There are, also, many culinary experiences which it is as well not to obtrude too much into the foreground. An accurate knowledge of the best method of cooking a sheep's head, a fine discriminative perception of the relative excellence of wheals, a facility in choosing unexceptionable saveloys (if, indeed, such articles exist), are most useful acquirements in their way, but it is not expedient to vaunt them at a table where meals are habitually served *à la Russe*. A familiarity with the history of art will command a certain degree of respect; but it is questionable whether anything of the sort would be obtained by him who proved that he exactly knew the theatrical performances that have taken place at the Victoria during the last thirty years. A very comprehensive acquaintance with one's fellow-subjects would be shown by a person who addressed by name every one of the princes, nobles, knights, esquires, and ladies who distinguish themselves at the Cremorne tournament; but still, if he was one of an aristocratic party, his light might be conveniently kept under a bushel. There is no difficulty in understanding why the branches of knowledge we have just indicated should be deemed ignoble, and why the species of ignorance corresponding to them should be esteemed. The reason is, that an over-familiarity with the habits of a lower order of the community, or with the less romantic incidents of poverty, denotes that at some period of his life the *savant* has been one of a certain class of society inferior to that which he now enlightens by the exhibition of a disreputable erudition.

But there are some kinds of honourable ignorance for which a more recondite reason must be sought. It is not uncommon, for instance, to hear a foolish young gentleman declare, with a melancholy shrug, but with perfect satisfaction in his countenance, that he could never understand mathematics—that he has not, in short, a mathematical head. By this declaration he wishes you to understand, not that he is labouring under a mental deficiency which renders him inferior to his fellows, but, on the contrary, that he is endowed with a fine sensitive organization which recoils from the drudgery of close reasoning. What should a creature of delicate human sympathies care for trigonometrical functions? Trigonometrical functions, did we say? The fifth proposition of Euclid was too much for such a sublime genius. He knows it is called the *Pons Asinorum*, and is consequently aware that he is confessing asinine qualities, but he means you to understand that they are such as might have done credit to the sapient beast of Balaam.

Ignorance of metaphysics is viewed with satisfaction by a much larger number of persons than ignorance of mathematics, and on very different grounds. The latter is deemed honourable because it implies a mind that can only reason from grand moral premises, and despises the minute laws of space and number as something mechanical. Ignorance of metaphysics, on the other hand, is honourable, because it indicates a sound, healthy, thoroughly practical disposition, a love of the realities of life, and an abhorrence of dreams. He who boasts of it will seldom glory in an ignorance of mathematics likewise, for although the reasonings connected with the infinitesimal calculus are strangely akin to metaphysical subtleties, he may still rest satisfied that they can be applied to business purposes—that they have something to do with land-surveying, engineering, or navigation. Much more comprehensive, too, is the glorified ignorance of metaphysics than that of mathematics. No one would rejoice in a state of arithmetical simplicity that would cause him to take four shillings as an equivalent for two half-crowns. The broad principles of the lower branches of mathematics are universally esteemed, though perhaps it would be as well not to show that proficiency in reckoning up minute fractions without pen or pencil for which butchers' wives are famous. But the man who piously thanks his Maker that he never opened a metaphysical book in his life includes in his hatred not only the professor of speculative science, but its opponent likewise. The Englishman who deduces all knowledge from experience, and declares that you must not transcend its limits, the Scotchman who extols his Common Sense, the German who constructs his Absolute Idea, are all, in his opinion, equally worthy of utter oblivion. Let the book have been written on the subject of the mind, and the author is pronounced a dreamer.

However, in the boasted ignorance of metaphysics, there is much more honesty than in the supercilious contempt for mathematics. Many persons, acute in other respects, will doubtless find a difficulty in mastering the various proofs of Taylor's Theorem devised long after the theorem itself was established, and it is even possible that Taylor himself would not have understood in a moment the arguments of Cauchy or Homersham Cox. But the man who boasts that he could never get through the first book of Euclid is simply a concealed blockhead, who unwittingly confesses that he is incapable of accurate thought on any subject whatever, and suggests to intelligent listeners the doubt whether he is fully endowed with the necessary attributes of humanity. On the other hand, the books that are loosely called metaphysical are literally

sealed  
whose  
the fir  
diagram  
which  
transac  
towards  
real wor  
is the c  
the h  
expect  
of mal  
phistic  
the rep  
me tha  
this ta  
exist o  
substanc  
know  
fashion  
mena t  
by the  
of an i  
are in  
You r  
nimble  
Certain  
you th  
it wou  
Per  
who lo  
compl  
which  
usuall  
the h  
betwe  
riority  
they d  
lent c  
readin  
is a v  
Stude  
were  
their  
essays  
the p  
swall  
of a  
histor  
once  
traged  
autho  
obvio  
the tr  
as m  
politi  
regar  
strict  
mach  
W  
ignor  
Let  
comp  
Never  
the s  
than  
Eucl  
E  
men  
failu  
posi  
mal  
befo  
an c  
W  
spee  
occu  
scar  
not  
cou  
affo  
tho  
for  
own  
now  
wit  
Th  
tho  
his  
the  
18  
cre  
an



sealed to a great many very clear-headed and worthy people, of whose honest intentions there can be no doubt at all. To understand the first book of *Euclid*, you have only to fix your mind on the diagram before you, and exert that ordinary faculty of reasoning which you must perforce call more or less into activity in every transaction of life; but metaphysics have invariably pointed towards an abstraction of a different kind—a distinction between a real world and a world of phenomena—and the world of phenomena is the only world of which ninety-nine out of every hundred of the human species have the slightest notion, or from which they expect any profit. If you would ascertain the ordinary difficulty of making this abstraction, lend any half-dozen of your unsophisticated friends a copy of *Berkeley's Dialogues*, and then receive the report of their studies. "What! does Berkeley mean to tell me that everything is imagination? Does he mean to tell me that this table will cease to exist when I walk out of the room, and exist once more when I come back? Preposterous!" This is the substance of the report you will receive, and you yourself, if you know a little about the subject, will explain somewhat in this fashion:—"Berkeley no more doubts a certain succession of phenomena than you do; he only believes that this succession is produced by the immediate operation of the Deity, without the employment of an instrument, which you yourself cannot define, and which you are in the habit of calling matter." Further discussion is useless. You need not dilate upon the wonderful table that jumps so nimbly from somethingness into nothingness and back again. Certainly, at this point of your lecture, your hearers have told you that they have no head for metaphysical subtleties, and that it would be a good thing if other people were like them.

Perfectly distinct from other illustrious ignoramuses are those who loudly boast that they know nothing about novels, with the complacent addition that they have no taste for "fiction"—a word which they take great pleasure in uttering. These personages are usually of the softer sex, though their features are occasionally of the hardest, and their principle is obtained by a strange cross between Evangelism and Utilitarianism. With an air of superiority they will turn over a volume of washy sermons, from which they do not derive one single fresh notion, and survey with benevolent contempt the other members of the family who are perhaps reading some work by Sir Walter Scott. That rending *Waverley* is a worthy employment, whereas two hours devoted to Todd's *Student's Guide* are more recklessly thrown away than if they were occupied by an afternoon's nap, is a truth that does not enter their minds, any more than it ever occurred to Mr. Foster, the essayist, that, by writing against waste of time, he was prohibiting the perusal of his own book. The ignorers of "fiction" will swallow down any amount of trash that takes the form of a serious essay, and they have an avowed affection for history, because, though it is worldly, it is useful. We once heard a young lady say that she did not care to read Schiller's tragedy of *Wallenstein*, but would gladly study the same author's *History of the Thirty Years' War*, the latter being obviously much more useful than the former. An argument that the tragedy was not a mere "fiction," but a fact in literary history as much as the events of the Thirty Years' War were facts in political and military history, would of course have been disregarded as an empty sophism, though it is hard to conjecture the strictly practical use to which any young lady would apply the machinations of *Wallenstein* or the atrocities of Tilly.

We have endeavoured to show that there are many branches of ignorance which are deemed not only blissful but honourable. Let us just remark that we never heard a gentleman declare with complacency that he was utterly incapable of learning French. Nevertheless, the persons who are capable of thoroughly mastering the subtleties of a foreign language must be infinitely more rare than those who can completely "get up" the first book of *Euclid*.

#### A CLERICAL STRIKE.

EVERYBODY has heard a good deal lately about the dearth of curates. Incumbents complain that their advertisements remain unanswered; Bishops' chaplains have long since failed to answer the demands upon them; and a writer, whose position as Theological Professor at Queen's College, Birmingham, makes him an authority on the subject, says plainly, in a sermon before the University of Oxford, which he has since expanded into an excellent paper read at the Manchester Congress:—

We are approaching a date when, from our scantier force, we must, unless speedily and largely recruited, abandon ground now occupied, though not occupied in strength; when helpers in heavy parishes will not only be scarce, as they now are, but not procurable on any terms; when we shall not merely neglect the vast multitudes now aggregated in swelling tumours round the heart and the vitals of the nation, but we shall cease, perforce, to afford even the perfunctory baptism, burial, or marriage to their countless thousands. The severed branch retains for a time its verdure and its beauty, for it draws on the resources within itself; even so our ministry holds its own yet for a while; but it cannot grow, it must even fade and fall if, as is now the case, its natural wear and waste be not given back to it from without.

There is probably something of exaggeration here; but, anyhow, the prospect is sufficiently uncomfortable, and the writer fortifies his statement by some pregnant statistics. It appears that the ordinations have fallen from 606 in 1841 to 498 in 1862; and of these, while the Literate candidates have increased from 48 to 146, those from the Universities of Durham and Dublin have remained stationary at their small numbers,

(about 45 between them), and the candidates from Oxford and Cambridge have decreased from 512 to 298. The decrease, moreover, has occurred almost wholly within the last three years. The ordinations in 1859 were 615; those of 1862 were, as we said, 498; and the ordinations of 1863 are showing a further and considerable decrease.

Plenty of causes have been assigned for this drying-up of the clerical marrow; and the worst of it is, that any one of them is enough to account for the phenomenon, and therefore to ensure its continuance. We incline to place among the foremost the wretched distribution of public, and especially ecclesiastical, patronage, of which the last few years have furnished some flagrant instances. Under it, it has been publicly asserted that some dozens of first-class men who went into Orders ten or more years ago are curates still, while people of inferior capacity, but better connexion or more pliable churchmanship, rise to wealth *per saltum*; and it seems to be an accepted axiom that, unless a man is related to a Bishop, or a Minister, or a borough member of the right sort of politics, his only chance is to become a violent theological partisan—of the right sort, again. In this latter case, he may, at all events in Durham, arrive at 3,000*l.* a-year in a hand-canter, with no assignable reason for his prosperity on the ground of academical or professional merit. In staring contrast to this happy-go-lucky process are the lists that appear from time to time of successful candidates for direct commissions in the army, for the Civil Service at home, and above all for India. All these, which were once the perquisites of a few favoured people of inferior social position—clients of country bankers, country lawyers, and the like—are now public property. Then, again, there is to be taken into account the entire change which the last twenty years have wrought in the social estimation of persons engaged in trade and commerce. The largely increased range of mercantile pursuits is attested by the Income-tax returns; and the dignity of the man has risen in proportion to the importance of his calling. Commerce has no doubt been benefited in many ways by the infusion of men of University training, and the Law List is considerably improved by the fast-increasing number of graduate solicitors; but the effect upon the Clergy List is not the less unfortunate, and unluckily the prosperity of secular callings makes it not the less likely to be permanent. Something, no doubt, is also to be added for the conscientious scruples of which we hear so much. Young men have read the *Essays and Reviews*, and more recently have perhaps puzzled their heads over Bishop Colenso's last edition of his *Arithmetic*, and the result is that they are (what is called) unsettled—i. e. look upon theology as a nebulous atmosphere, and on Holy Orders as a hazardous experiment, pecuniarily and intellectually. On the other hand, civil or military service, or secular employment of a dozen sorts, opens a clear way to speedy competence; so there is little wonder that the young men of the day hesitate to "commit themselves" to the Church until, by mere force of circumstances, they have committed themselves for life to something more safe than the variations of Episcopal predilection, and more lucrative than a curacy with the prospect of a Peel-parish in the distance. Be the cause, moreover, what it may, there is, *de facto*, a secular tone about the Universities which greatly astonishes clerical parents. Clergymen's sons do not incline to be clergymen; and the result of it all is, that whereas, twenty years ago, you took for granted that every man you met there was going into Orders unless you knew he was not, now you take for granted that he is not, unless you know that he is.

Meanwhile, the unfortunate persons who happen to be rectors, vicars, &c., and who are sufficiently anxious as to the supply of future curates, are being made aware that, even among the existing curates, there is beginning to be something very like a strike. A clerical contemporary which seldom admits correspondence from any one who is not in some sense a representative man, published the following epistle not long ago:—

SIR,—I was quite surprised to read your leading article in last week's paper, in which you refer to the dearth of curates. Allow me to say that there is no lack at all of curates, but there is a settled decision on your part, if possible, not to accept of the miserable stipends which the benefited clergy persist in offering; but where a good offer is made there is no lack of applicants.

As a proof of what I say, I enclose a reply, or, rather, an envelope I received in lieu of a reply, to an application I made for a curacy advertised in the *Guardian*, dated July 29. The stipend offered was 100*l.* a year, and the parsonage furnished, and garden, &c., for which there were eighty-nine applications. I feel confident, therefore, that incumbents have the remedy in their own hands, and if they will only make reasonable provision for a curate they will have no difficulty in obtaining one.

About this letter there is, besides the rambling sentences, and the illiterate "accept of," and the like flowers of literature, the unmistakable under-bred grumpiness of what we take leave to call the clerical snob. If the good man ever intends to be employed in any creditable vocation, we strongly recommend his preserving his *incognito*; it would also be by no means an imprudent investment if he went to the expense of a copy of the *Polite Letter-writer*. The incumbent who left "L." high and dry among the eighty-eight rejected applicants manifestly exercised a sound discretion. But we fear he is not the less a representative man for all that. In the following week's issue two or three incumbents venture modestly to correct the gentleman's "facts." One says he offered 120*l.* a year (the whole endowment of his living being only 100*l.*), and had but one applicant for the appointment; another, that he offered all the income he received, with "furnished lodgings" into the bargain (the latter, apparently, a gratuitous

addition of his own), with the same result. A third, less humble than he ought to be, ventures to reply that "incumbents do not offer more than a miserable stipend, because—poor men—they have not the power to do so;" and he adds, "surely it is rather hard that they should be twitted with meanness because they are poor, and that, too, by persons who, by their own showing, can afford to live in idleness." To the uninitiated, the remonstrances seem reasonable enough; but, unluckily, they draw down a cataract of replies which the editor describes as being "in fair proportion (we presume, therefore, a tithe) to the whole number of persons so engaged," and he declines the submersion of his paper under the deluge of insurgent stationery by any further discussion of the subject. We may make up our minds, therefore, that the kingdom is to be laid under a novel species of interdict—that the curates have taken a leaf out of Mr. Potter's book, and have set up a sort of Spiritual Trades' Union. We have often heard silly and invidious talk about the "working clergy," as though these latter were confined to the floating body who may happen from time to time to be curates; and, year by year, we of the laity have regretted to see the deterioration of the tone and *decorum* of, especially, the younger clergy. But we thought this sort of talk was confined to Radical tailors and pot-house oracles. We scarcely expected to find the Trades' Union, and its tariff of wages, and its threatened strike, set out in so entirely business-like a manner by any of those who are, by courtesy at least, called "spiritual persons." Incumbents now, at all events, know their fate. They must pay the stereotyped 100*l.* a year, give up their parsonages, "furnished," and take whatever candidate may turn up. If it so happens that an incumbent has only 100*l.* or 150*l.* a year altogether (and the incumbents of populous districts very seldom have much more), he must give up all, or more than all, that he receives. If, from the accident of chapelries being attached to his benefice, he requires the aid of several curates, he must become tenant in general of all the houses that are to be let in the neighbourhood, must set up an upholsterer's shop, and keep a considerable stock of furniture on hand to suit the varying tastes of his curates, and (still more) of his curates' wives, with a wide though uninviting prospect of infinite likes and dislikes, of perpetual wants and squabbles. The compiler of the spiritual tariff, aided, we suppose, by his instincts, claims briefly for himself and his fellows the place in the rectorial *menage* that traditionally belongs to the pig in Paddy's cabin, without the periodical martyrdom by which his porcine brother pays the rent.

Where the money is to come from it never occurs to people of this sort to conjecture. "That's nothing to me," they would probably say at once, "I mean to have my cell—furnished and all." The incumbent not unnaturally takes a different view of the case. He is beginning at last to find out the radical defect of the Tithe Commutation Act, which various casualties have hitherto concealed from his view, and discovers that while everybody else, farmers included, is growing in wealth, he is stationary, or even receding—tied fast down to a fixed number of bushels of corn, with no chance of low prices being made up to him by abundant produce. To the farmer, 40 quarters at 50*s.* are very much the same thing as 50 quarters at 40*s.* There is no such luck for the tithe-owner. So many bushels, neither more nor less—be their value what it may—represents his share of the produce in *perpetuum*. He is beginning to appreciate the far-sightedness with which Sydney Smith deplored an arrangement that puts the parson in unpleasant antagonism to all the rest of creation, and makes him involuntarily pray for bad harvests, Crimean wars, American depopulations, or whatever else may help to keep up "averages;" and now, when he has just been mustering up self-denial enough to return thanks for a harvest which will deck his income five or six per cent. for the next seven years, he is suddenly made aware that, while he has been taking things easily, the Universities have performed an ominous revolution, the first tangible effects of which are that his curate requires, as the price of his services, the use of his parsonage and furniture gratis, and an increasing proportion of his income into the bargain.

No doubt a few of the clergy who have been employing curates *de luxe* will retrench the article, as they might their carriage or horses. They will set to work to sew new manes and tails on to their old sermons, and try whether two services are really too much for ordinary energies. They will also perhaps discover that the laity of their parishes can help them in a good many of the more secular matters which they have hitherto rather taken a pride in monopolizing, and that "doing everything for the people, nothing by the people," has been a mistake from Stratford's time to their own. The number of curates employed for no assignable purpose, or none which might not be as well or better served by other agencies, is much greater than the gentlemen in question would like to discover; and, if this feeling of grumbling self-importance spreads, the pleasures of keeping an "L" will soon impress themselves even on the most easy-going rector of a rural Goshen. To the poor incumbents of large manufacturing and other districts we say at once, as we have often said before—first, Shorten your services. Three full Sunday services, with the average modern sermon appended, are too much both for clergyman and congregation; the materials and the labour of two of the present services, if divided into three or four, at suitable times, will be both much easier and much more effective. And next, in the more ordinary details of parish business, we repeat, get rid of the ordinary clerical jealousy of the laity; keep to your own work, and let secular people relieve you of secular employments. Almost everybody can help in something, if he is only set about it;

and in rendering help he will acquire an amount of interest in his church and its concerns which he never had before, while everything was done for him and he was treated as a mere spectator *ab extra*. To the really hard-working and uncomplaining men who form, after all, the great majority of our curates, we regret that we can offer so little consolation. But, as we said before, where is the money to come from? The income of the Church (except in so far as it may be improved by whatever agency may at some distant date supersede the Ecclesiastical Commission) is fixed—fixed at a low rate, and steadily settling down to a lower one. To a gentleman of the "L" stamp, beyond a general recommendation of the Ordination service to his serious attention, we have only to say that, so far as we can judge from his letter—bearing in mind also that every trade and profession requires some modicum either of brains, or manners, or both—we think it uncommonly improbable that he would realize 100*l.* a year in any other calling than the one which renders the employment of such people compulsory. Gentlemen of this sort, while grumbling at their bread and butter, are apt to forget that there are a good many people in the world who are dear at any price.

#### THE LION AND THE MAN.

IT is much too late in the day to protest against the practice of lionizing which has grown to so immoderate a height in our time. The thing has become not only a legitimate indulgence, but a necessity. That mixture of curiosity and veneration which in Italy draws crowds to a religious procession, and sends Frenchmen in throngs to witness a State spectacle, in England, where Puritanism and philosophy between them have extirpated shows, impels men to lionize. The passion takes various forms. Blondin on the tight-rope at a distance of a hundred feet from the earth, or a donkey attached by its stomach to a balloon, are the types of the marvellous which commend themselves to the taste of the mere mass. A little higher comes the admiring curiosity which brings large audiences to meet some Indian hero or African explorer, whose oratorical capacity is of the mildest, but who can at least stand still to be looked at. And higher still, in the æsthetic and sentimental region, comes the pilgrim lionizer, who travels across oceans to see some spot of holy ground where some poet, or wit, or caricaturist was wont to eat, drink, or sleep. Whether as an excuse for an excursion or as a spur to indolence, lion-hunting has become the passion of the day. For all people who, either in themselves or their property, possess anything which the most voracious curiosity can designate as worth seeing, it has created an obligation from which there is no escaping. Privacy to them is a matter of history—a luxury like hawking, of which they may study the pleasure in the descriptions of their ancestors, but which they must never hope to enjoy. The owner of a fine park, or an old house, or any chattel whatever which has once been in the possession of a personage of historical renown, had better emigrate if he has a taste for seclusion. The thing is not to be had in England for him. He may make resolutions as stern as he will; he may shelter himself behind a stockade of the most elaborate regulations; he may convince himself as cogently as he pleases of his right to do what he likes with his own; but, as a matter of fact, he must be content to look on himself as doomed by nature to be the showman of a perpetual exhibition.

The advantages of such a system of course are not to be denied. It is extremely desirable that the railways, which are very estimable corporations, should be well supported; and, but for the taste for lions, the excursion traffic might be difficult in all cases to support. Then it is very good for people to go out of town, and highly advantageous to the cause of popular education that they should acquire even that limited amount of historical knowledge which is conferred by going somewhere where somebody did something. Moreover, the picnics of the lower classes—if so exalted a name may be bestowed on bread and cheese and beer—serve a great social purpose. They fulfil the function which among the richer classes is performed by balls. They constitute the great hymeneal agency—they furnish the moments in which the servant-gal bosom is too exhilarated to be cruel, and cold-hearted bachelors are warmed up to proposal-point by the combined influences of luncheon and romance. Nor is the operation of lions among the higher classes less beneficial. In fact, it may be said that the social life of the upper classes for six months in the year would be wholly untinged if there were no lions. What would a hostess do with her lady guests if there was nothing to go and see? In most cases, the men can be disposed of by sending them out to shoot, whether there be anything for them to shoot or not. In the pitiless custody of a well-trained keeper they are well out of harm's way, and can be a nuisance to nobody till dinner-time. But it is a very different thing with the ladies. By the time luncheon comes, that vast range of subjects which the female mind embraces—scandal, dress, crochet-work, and babies—is exhausted; and a hostess, if there were no lions that she could drive her company to see, would be reduced to absolute despair. As a defence, consequently, against her natural enemies—her lady visitors—the lions of the neighbourhood have a value to the hostess which nothing could replace.

No one, therefore, can be blind to the importance of lions, or can fail to recognise their utility in filling up those tedious portions in the life of English people which are devoted to amusement. But there is another point of view from which the matter may be considered. The lion's story must be heard as well as the man's—

that i  
story—  
the an  
but at  
amusi  
did n  
vate  
amuse  
sonal  
which  
enjoy  
satisf  
which  
that a  
great  
the m  
If he  
of ma  
notion  
aband  
of his  
of the  
house  
owner  
co-pro  
every  
metaph  
will p  
large  
that k  
his fa  
and h  
descri  
in the  
littera  
stantl  
his pr  
studie  
luxuri  
the in  
cover  
bits of  
disapp  
self th  
days  
shall  
will f  
of pr  
are o  
next  
above  
of fir  
quite  
titute  
partic  
censes  
had a  
large  
comp  
flock  
victim  
sessio  
beaut  
enjoy  
dust,  
his g  
beer—  
Un  
the c  
which  
locust  
nothi  
cured  
out o  
mem  
is, th  
The  
pleas  
a cer  
count

P  
indef  
estab  
ducti  
stop.  
the  
mina  
ings  
rubbi  
Virg



that is to say, the story of those who own the lion, as well as the story of those who visit it. There may have been objections to the ancient system of public shows, whether political or religious; but at least they had this advantage, that they threw the duty of amusing the public upon those who were paid to do it. They did not press into the service a multitude of involuntary private showmen, bound under pain of extreme unpopularity to amuse all comers gratuitously, at the cost of their own personal comfort. Any one can call to mind several cases in which individual owners have been utterly debarred of their enjoyment of their property by the burdensome obligation of satisfying the curiosity of strangers, who saw in it something which it was worth their while to lionize. Suppose, for instance, that a man is the owner of an historic house, in which some great poet or novelist lived and died; and suppose him to cherish the modest aspiration of also living and dying in his own house. If he resolves to carry out that notion, he must make a holocaust of many obsolete ideas. He must entirely forget all antiquated notions about an Englishman's house being his castle. He must abandon as impracticable the obsolete taste for living in the bosom of his family. His life will be more aptly described as being that of the stationary chief of a perpetually nomad tribe. He holds his house, as a New Zealander holds his land, not as an individual owner, but as the joint tenant of an indefinite number of co-proprietors. Whether he eats, drinks, or sleeps, he must do everything with the fear of lionizers before his eyes—not in a metaphorical but in a strictly physical sense. In his dining-room will probably be some picture of note—perhaps it is the only room large enough to hold it. If that be the case, he must be content that his mode of devouring his luncheon, and the demeanour of his family during the same ceremony, should be public property; and he must not murmur if a minute and somewhat imaginative description of these phenomena should from time to time appear in the Pen and Pencil Sketches of some celebrated American *littérateur*. In the one circumstance of eating before a file of constantly changing spectators, if in no other, he will strictly resemble his prototype, the lion of the Zoological Gardens. If he is of a studious turn, and sits much in his library, he will enjoy the luxury of constantly exhibiting the books of the great deceased to the insatiable pilgrims: and will further have the pleasure of discovering at the end of every day that pages of his favourite works, bits of writing-table furniture, and other portable articles have disappeared under the character of relics. Nor let him flatter himself that he can dispose of these and similar annoyances by fixing days upon which the lions of which he is the unfortunate keeper shall be visible. By a curious and unexplained fatality, he will find that the days which he sets apart for the enjoyment of privacy are always the days upon which Americans, who are on the point of starting home across the Atlantic by the next boat, happen to be in the neighbourhood, and are anxious above all things to see before they go, &c. &c. The owner of fine parks, gardens, shrubberies, forests, and the like, is not quite in so bad a case; and yet his condition is not wholly destitute of circumstances calculated to excite compassion. If his particular piece of ground happens to be popular, he has as much ceased to be the owner of it for any beneficial purpose as if he had a nominal interest in Kensington Gardens. Of course, to the large-minded philanthropist, his enjoyment of it is a small matter compared to that of the hundreds or even thousands who may flock into it from a neighbouring large town. But still he is a victim to the destiny which conferred on him the disastrous possession of a lion. His neighbour, whose property is smaller, or less beautiful, or less celebrated, or less accessible to excursion trains, enjoys his own in peace. His grass is not trampled into brown dust, fragments of sandwich-paper do not dance in the breeze over his garden, his ground is not enriched with a thick deposit of beer-bottles and orange peel.

Undoubtedly, in a thickly-peopled country, it is hard to adjust the conflicting claims of the many and the few. At the rate at which excursions are proceeding now, excursionists will be like locusts, sweeping in devastating hordes over the land, and leaving nothing fresh or green behind them. Yet the enjoyment so procured to those who have otherwise little enough is not to be left out of the account. But the point which is not sufficiently remembered by many of the philanthropic arguers upon this matter is, that the enjoyment of the two classes is mutually exclusive. The descent of the townsmen upon the country in hordes may be pleasant to them; but in precise proportion to their number (after a certain point), and to the frequency of their visits, does the country become intolerable to its ordinary inhabitants.

#### AN R.A. PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

PARLIAMENTARY literature is not generally an attractive thing. Her Majesty's Stationery Office, with its indefatigable printers, excels, no doubt, every other publishing establishment in the number and voluminousness of its productions; but there, we fear, the superiority must be allowed to stop. Yet, even apart from the specific value of their contents, of the many Blue-books which mainly consist of *videlicet* examinations there is probably not one that does not record sayings of real interest to a student of human nature. They are rubbish-heaps, often; but such rubbish-heaps as those from which Virgil, in the old story, said that he could pick up gold. There

the witness frequently reveals himself in complete *naïveté*—the unguardedness and self-disclosing nature of his replies forming a curious and comic contrast to the formality of the interrogator. One or two amusing specimens of this quality have been lately copied into the newspapers from the Report on Promotion in the Navy. From the Blue-book on the Royal Academy we now propose to gather a few, which, as above hinted, may perhaps be not altogether unillustrative of the speakers, and may even throw some light on the nature of their work as artists. For that there will always be a certain correspondence between what a man does and what he is, it requires no philosophy to render probable; although one must not push this identification too far, as external circumstances may lead people into professional paths which lie distant from their inner character, nor will the general sympathy between the performance and the performer be clearly perceptible unless a large range of the performances be considered.

There has been no year within our remembrance when complaints have not been made as to the selection and disposition of pictures at the Royal Academy Exhibition. These lamentations have generally arisen from a cause which everybody has acknowledged and lamented—want of adequate space. But, every now and then, to the complaints of an evil which the Academy could not remedy have been added others to the effect that the Council of eight, who choose from the crowd of new works, or the Committee of three, who hang them, have shown marked and unfair partiality. We do not often hear artists (among whom the dissatisfaction is uniformly first expressed) accuse the managing body of sheer injustice. The complaint is that, compelled by insufficient space to select, they have allowed their selection to run rather to the exclusion of the styles with which they do not individually sympathize, than simply to the exclusion of bad pictures in general. They have usurped the authority of a tribunal of aesthetic principles, in place of sitting as a tribunal of technical taste. And it is but natural that these complaints should be much intensified if the arrangers themselves happen not to be men who command much deference as artists, or if they have rather too distinctly allotted to their own works the best place in the Exhibition. Artists, with poets, are also of the *genus irritabile*, and it is not surprising if, in such circumstances, the wrath of the excluded boils over, and at last finds expression, more or less outspoken and unpleasant, in periodical criticism.

Something of this nature occurred last spring, and was brought so strongly and frequently forward in the newspapers that we need do no more than allude to the quarrel. Not only were several works by leading men in the school which is vulgarly called the Pre-Raphaelite excluded, but other works of a totally opposite style, by younger yet rising practitioners. And whilst two of the "arrangers" were painters whose later pictures, at least, do not rank high in the judgment either of men or of artists, their contributions appeared in too liberal profusion on the magic "line," where they were accompanied, as by bad luck it happened, by a canvas of the remaining "arranger," which, amongst the many misrepresentations of Shakspeare's heroines, was pronounced pre-eminent for unsatisfactoriness. The choice and arrangement of pictures for the Exhibition was, of course, a matter with which the Commissioners had to deal, and, the last of the three unpopularity of the season being before them, with much justice they gave him the chance of defending his operations. Obviously to the surprise of the Commissioners, Mr. Frith not only confessed virtually to the recent exclusion of the Pre-Raphaelite painters, but gave what he rashly considered a defence of the proceeding:—

Mr. Reeve. Are you not of opinion that if a picture is a good specimen of what may be called a certain school, it has a claim to be exhibited, and, if possible, to be well placed, and that without reference to the opinion which may be entertained by the Academy of the merit of that school?

Mr. Frith. If the school is a good school, and the picture is a good specimen of the school, it ought to be hung; but if the school is a bad school, and the picture is a bad specimen of it, I think it ought not.

Mr. Reeve, by two succeeding questions, endeavoured good-naturedly to give Mr. Frith the chance of tempering with a little modesty his infallible judgment of his fellow-artists; but the attempt was thrown away. Openly bringing the "Pre-Raphaelite school" into the dialogue, he continued—"I cannot help feeling that the arranging committee and the members of the Academy have a right to show disfavour to a school which they think mischievous." It is perfectly natural that Mr. Frith should desire to shield such principles of taste and such practices in ostracism as these under the name of the general body to which he has the fortune to belong. This is not the place for entering into a criticism of Mr. Frith's works, on which, moreover, the opinion of this journal has been recently expressed. But, whatever may be their true quality, it was certainly desirable that, when the painters of the "Huguenot," the "Order of Release," the "Light of the World," and many other works which might be named with these in fame and excellence, were to be virtually disposed of as a "mischievous school," the painter of the "Railway Station" should bring forward some better backer for his opinion than even his own *ipse dixit*. But we fear that he cannot be allowed the benefit of this ingenuity. We request particular attention to the words underlined in our last quotation. It may be deduced from Question 2501, compared with 4838—and from these, again, compared with the evidence on some lately-rejected pictures by Mr. Macallum and Mr. Taylor—that the three "arrangers" are, in a very considerable proportion of cases, the final judges of what is hung; whilst the Academy at large have, of course, nothing

whatever to do in the matter. And only one member of that body has expressed his concurrence in Mr. Frith's views on Pre-Raphaelitism. We give him the full benefit of Mr. Grant's agreement, noting, however, to that gentleman's honour, that Mr. Frith's singular sentiments on his duty as an "arranger" have no echo in his reply:—"I am sure the Royal Academy act with the greatest possible desire to render justice to all parties" (2474). Men like Holman Hunt, Millais, F. M. Brown, and W. Davis, in the opinion of Mr. Grant, have "none of that largeness of idea which exists in the works of such men as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wilson, and Turner"—"in his best days," he kindly adds. Far different is the judgment of a painter of our time, whose authority on any question of art it would be absurd to compare with that of Mr. Frith. In his evidence on the state of figure-drawing in England, Mr. Mulready observed, with a truth which few but fanatics will deny, that

There is now too great an indifference to beauty. I think that a class of artists are now working who have been disgusted with the conventional to such an extent that they have a pride and glory in showing that they are above beauty.

Lord Elcho. It is a rebellion, then, against conventionalism?

Mulready. Yes, it may be so called; but I have no quarrel with them.

F. Is not it more than that? Is it not likewise a rebellion against a loose system of work, and are not those men apt to fall too much into the other extreme of a too close copying of nature without looking at the principles upon which nature herself appears to work?

M. Yes. The rebellion is raised against something more than conventionalism in representing human form; they war against that sort of emptiness that is sometimes called breadth.

We trust that these weighty words—amongst the last which the speaker, full of years and honours, was to utter—will be compared with the bland, complacent assumption of the counter-statements above quoted. There is more, however, in Mr. Frith's evidence which must be noticed. To account for the storm of indignation which this year saluted the "arrangers," it is enough to refer to the principles which this artist avowed. *Habemus confidentem rem.* He conceives himself entitled to pronounce authoritatively sentence of banishment on a school which is certainly in very marked contrast to his own manner. Need it be pointed out that whether, in Lord Stanhope's phrase, we call this "honest prejudice," or style it by some less official name, such a principle at once practically concedes the grounds on which the selection and hanging have been attacked, and justifies the peculiar unpopularity of the last Exhibition? And that all this should be done, and defended by the arguments quoted above, Mr. Frith acting as spokesman for his brethren, might, not quite unnaturally, to the body of non-Academical artists seem to add insult to injury.

The witness was hence called upon to explain the "considerable complaints, this year, of the manner in which the arranging Committee fulfilled their duties:"—

It appears to me (he finally replied) that the complaints have arisen through the statements in the press. The writers of the press put themselves up as judges of art above eight [three, as we have noticed above] members of the Royal Academy who have spent all their lives in the practice of their profession; eight [three] such men are more likely to be right in their judgments than those who have been variously occupied, . . . and who can have but a very limited knowledge indeed of art. All sorts of motives are attributed to us. We know we are innocent of them, but still it is painful to be unjustly attacked.

Mr. Reeve. Do you not think that, in point of fact, those complaints must be taken to emanate in great part from the large body of artists themselves?

Mr. Frith. If that were so, it would be another thing, but I know it is not so. I am not at liberty to mention names, but I know how these things occur, and I know how this has arisen this year. If it were anything like the opinion of the general body of artists, it would be worth notice; but it is not; it is merely that of a little clique of painters who have contrived to get possession of the public ear through a portion of the press.

Now, into Mr. Frith's general view of the inability of the "writers of the press" to judge of art as well as himself, we shall not here enter. He is welcome to say, as elsewhere he elegantly expresses himself, that "I think we might be supposed to know better than the people who write for the papers"—indebted as he had been himself, and that in the very largest manner, to these ignorant people for the notoriety and paying quality of his own pictures. We shall, on this occasion, confine ourselves to his main statement; for his discourteous reference to "a little clique of painters" is sufficiently disposed of by the fact, proved in the rooms of the Cosmopolitan Club, that the painters excluded or misplaced belonged to schools as widely opposed to each other as both, in their results, differ (in our judgment) from Mr. Frith's own productions. But it is enough to turn to the book which contains Mr. Frith's statement to find strong grounds for doubting his assertion, that the complaints made did not emanate from the body of artists themselves. Not only is it obvious that such complaints will always begin with the "mischievous" sufferers, but we have the most direct evidence from the President that—just or unjust as the complaints may be—they do so arise. "These two points," says Sir Charles Eastlake, "are the real causes of dissatisfaction. What artists want is to have their pictures well exhibited, and to be admitted into the Academy." Confirmation of this, if it were needed, can be found at once by the aid of Mr. Sketchley's "Index" to the Bluebook—one of the "neatest and completest" pieces of such work that we have met with for a long time. Twelve artists (including Mr. Frith) were asked whether they were satisfied with the general selection and arrangement of the exhibition. Five of these, comprising some of our weightiest names, condemned it. Of the six who supported

Mr. Frith's statement, five belong themselves to the favoured body whose works must, by Academic law, be all hung, first hung, and best hung. The satisfaction of two is expressed in very general and guarded terms. In fact, the declaration that it was not Mr. Frith's own professional brethren who denounced the proceedings in which he took so large a share, is just on a par with his insinuation that the press in general did not join the denunciation. Both exhibit what we see often enough in common life—an off-hand but uneasy attempt to slur over and set aside charges which have been brought home to the defendant.

We have carefully avoided, throughout the comments which we have made on this peculiar Academical Exhibition, accusing Mr. Frith or his brethren of deliberate injustice. That of which he is, not accused, but self-convicted, hardly requires comment. And that the Blue-book before us indicates that there are other men towards whom this warning may not be superfluous, we shall not deny. But we are convinced that, from the President downwards, such "honest prejudices" are not found amongst those who do real honour to the title of Academician. We have hence been more anxious to lend what aid we can to expose the unwarrantable assertions which Mr. Frith has made with regard to his associates. If the picture he has drawn of himself as Academician were true of the Academy, its enemies would not care to seek further justification.

#### THE RACING SEASON OF 1863.

IT is a common error to exaggerate the importance of contemporary events, but if the racing season of 1863 has not been of superior interest to many preceding seasons, it must at any rate be allowed that, at the present moment, it is more vividly remembered. It is always difficult to determine whether the best horses of any particular year are exceptionally good, or whether the horses which compete with them are exceptionally bad. Facts may be adduced in support of either opinion, and thus, while one party insists upon the merit of Lord Clifden's performance in the last St. Leger, another party asserts that he had a very moderate lot of horses to contend against. It will, however, scarcely be contested that one event of the last season deserves to be classed among the most remarkable which the Turf has known. The dead heat between Buckstone and Tim Whiffler for the Ascot Cup, and the deciding heat in which Buckstone was victorious, afforded a spectacle never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. In spite of complaints that racing, as at present managed in England, does not conduce as much as might be desired and expected to the improvement of the English breed of horses, it must be owned that the production every year of even two or three horses of the quality of Buckstone is a result which justifies a very large expenditure of time, trouble, and money. That the result is appreciated abroad is proved by the eagerness of foreigners to purchase English horses which have attained to the highest reputation in their respective years. If, in order to produce a small number of first-rate horses, it is necessary to make many experiments, it follows that encouragement must be given to breeding, and the best of all encouragements is to provide plenty of stakes to run for. A justification is thus found for the system of handicapping, which is designed to give everybody a chance, and for two-year-old races, which are intended to offer what breeders of every kind of stock demand—viz. a prospect of some early return for capital expended. It is perhaps doubtful whether the development from year to year of the existing system of horse-racing is attributable to its soundness, or to that growth of wealth and population which has introduced larger figures into many branches of statistics. It is, however, certain that the number of horses entered for the great races increases every year; and the number of races, great and small, has become so large that in eight months of incessant activity, extending from March to November, it is scarcely possible to get through the business of the regular racing season. The comparative quiet of the four winter months is devoted to discussing the results which have been arrived at, especially with reference to the two-year-olds, whose recorded performances are anxiously compared in the hope of attaining some insight into the chances of the ensuing season. Already the newspapers contain regular returns of betting on the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby of 1864. The French Fille de l'Air is first favourite for the Guineas, and if she were entered for the Derby she would doubtless be first favourite for that race also. In her absence, the first place in the Derby betting is occupied by Scottish Chief, making the fourth horse of Mr. Merry's that the public has elevated to that position in the last five years.

Steeple-chasing, mixed with a little flat-racing, was carried on pretty steadily all through last winter and early spring. The racing season proper may be taken to have commenced at Northampton on the 24th of March. Even at this early period of the season, two-year-olds run, and are watched with interest only inferior to that excited by horses a year older. The meeting at Northampton brought out that splendid five-year-old Asteroid, and one or two other veteran performers of high merit; but at this moment the most interesting fact recorded as occurring at Northampton is that the two-year-old filly Molly Carew beat Midnight Mass, an undeniably good colt of the same year, with tolerable ease. The Newmarket Craven meeting, which began on the 6th of April, was marked by two events which attracted perhaps more, and a third which certainly attracted less, attention than it deserved. The French mare Stradella beat, in different races, two of the best

horses  
acqui  
her a  
little  
case,  
the d  
Sprin  
then  
Guine  
this r  
quent  
four d  
did n  
three-  
inter-  
Aster  
get. 4  
Newm  
the st  
year t  
nearly  
It wil  
of fir  
althou  
even t  
on his  
for the  
l'Air,  
favour  
someth  
year's  
leave  
upon a  
be diff  
French  
histori  
which  
The ru  
dismal  
Challo  
Clifden  
short l  
triumph  
Vincen  
Derby  
prise, c  
about  
farthin  
was gu  
among  
wood C  
From  
horse-r  
Englan  
facility  
Yorksh  
could s  
diplom  
hithert  
Grand  
time, d  
babel o  
excited  
polite  
will be  
Bonny,  
Derby  
Clifden  
after h  
that of  
had sh  
averred  
and Ki  
French  
she afte  
It may,  
Viscou  
on a Su  
to in En  
solution  
country  
otherwi  
portanc  
serious  
number  
a holid  
illusion  
the Der  
no spect  
mit tha  
the day  
of none  
than a  
recomm  
on to un



horses of her year—Buckstone and The Marquis—and thereby acquired a reputation which proved disastrous to those who backed her afterwards for the Chester Cup. Macaroni, who was then little regarded, won a three-year-old stake with great ease, and thus afforded a hint of his quality which only the discerning few turned to profitable account. The Epsom Spring Meeting showed Molly Carew to be the best two-year-old then out. On the 21st of April, the race for the Two Thousand Guineas taught the public what Macaroni really was. He won this race rather easily, but it can scarcely be doubted, after subsequent experience, that he had a moderate lot behind him. The four days' sport at Chester next claimed attention. That meeting did not result in the discovery of any unsuspected prodigy of a three-year-old, but the race for the Cup was one of the most interesting of the season. It was won, after a fine struggle, by Asteroid, carrying over that severe course the crushing weight of 9st. 4lbs., and giving nearly 2st. for a year to Stradella, who at Newmarket defeated The Marquis at nearly equal weights. At the same meeting, however, Asteroid failed to give 1st. for a year to Buckstone, who beat him very easily by a length. The nearly approaching Epsom meeting now absorbed all attention. It will be remembered that Lord Clifden had held the place of first favourite from the very commencement of the betting, although, at one time, the French horse Hospodar came to nearly even terms with him. The reputation of Hospodar was founded on his having won both the Clearwell and the Criterion stakes in the previous autumn, and it was destroyed by his utter failure for the Two Thousand Guineas. It is remarkable that Fille de l'Air, like Hospodar, has won the Criterion and become first favourite for the Guineas. It is justifiable to regard Hospodar as something of an impostor, but whatever may be the result of next year's racing, Fille de l'Air has done this year several things which leave no doubt of her genuine quality. Indeed, if one were called upon at this moment to name the best two-year-old out, it would be difficult, upon public running, to look anywhere but to the French filly. But, dropping the prophetic, and returning to the historic vein, let the mind revert to that most miserable of holidays which Londoners endeavoured to enjoy on the Derby day of 1863. The rain, the mud, and the umbrellas—these features of that dismal festival are remembered almost as vividly as the figure of Challoner bringing up Macaroni to overhaul Fordham and Lord Clifden. There is no need to tell how that Derby was won by a short head, and how the ring and Mr. Naylor and his friends triumphed, while the public generally lamented with Lord St. Vincent. The weather on the Oaks day was as fine as on the Derby day it was wretched. The result of the race was a surprise, even to many of those who ought to have known something about the winner. Queen Bertha was scarcely backed for a farthing, and 40 to 1 was offered against her before starting. She was guided beautifully by Aldcroft into the first place, defeating, among other competitors, Isoline, who afterwards won the Goodwood Cup, and Borealis.

From Epsom the scene changes to Paris, for now those who make horse-racing a business attend meetings in France as well as in England. Horses cross and recross the Channel with far greater facility than a few years ago they found in moving from Surrey to Yorkshire, although the most enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Cobden could scarcely ascribe the opening of this branch of trade to his diplomatic labours. The greatest international race-meeting hitherto held was that which witnessed the contest for the Grand Prix de Paris on Sunday, May 31. Then, for the first time, did a quiet orderly French race-course resound with all the babel of an English ring. "Parlez-vous français?" inquired an excited Yorkshireman of a native. "Oui, monsieur," was the polite reply. "Then I'll lay agin the mare to a monkey." It will be remembered that La Touques, "the French Blink Bonny," as she was called from having won both the French Derby and Oaks, was first favourite for the Grand Prix. Lord Clifden was the next best favourite, but he was so evidently amiss after his Epsom exercises, that his going was aptly compared to that of a cat upon hot bricks. The race fell to The Ranger, who had shown some form in the early spring, and, as his friends averred, had been disappointed in the Derby when Saccharometer and King of the Vale fell and he had to come round them. The French mare sustained her reputation by running second, and she afterwards increased it by a performance upon English ground. It may, perhaps, be interesting to notice the reasons adduced by Viscount Daru, in a letter to Admiral Rous, for holding this race on a Sunday. It appears that this arrangement had been objected to in England, and the writer, "desiring greatly to find an amicable solution," declared that "the habits and social necessities of his country" did not allow those with whom he acted to arrange otherwise. In France, he says, racing has not acquired the importance which it deserves. Only for a small minority is it "a serious institution, useful to public interest." For the greater number it is only an agreeable spectacle, to which people will give a holiday, but for which they will not make one. It would be an illusion to hope to see in France a Parliamentary adjournment for the Derby. If a week-day be chosen for the races, they will attract no spectators. "In France, the social and religious customs permit that, after the accomplishment of the pious duties, the rest of the day should be devoted to repose and amusement, and we know of none more innocent or more suitable to offer to a population than a spectacle which attracts by its magnificence and recommends itself to notice by its usefulness." The Viscount goes on to urge, in effect, that as he and his French friends have always

kept Sunday in England, his English friends ought not to insist on keeping it in France. He considers that the same rule applies to either case—namely, to respect and conform to the habits of the country where one happens to be. He adds, that "in such a democratic country as ours" it would be unwise to hold the races on a day when only unoccupied persons could be present at them; and he concludes by expressing regret if the French Jockey Club, on whose behalf he writes, should have shocked anybody in England. The answer of Admiral Rous to this letter, on behalf of the English Jockey Club, admitted that the French Club were bound to name the day most suitable to the gratification of the French public. Thus it was arranged that the Grand Prix de Paris should be run for on a Sunday, although the principle of reciprocity of habits propounded by Viscount Daru was not adopted by Admiral Rous, who doubtless saw that it was questionable, if not dangerous.

Only one day intervened between the Paris meeting and that of Ascot. The Cup day was graced by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and it saw the finest race of the year—such a race, indeed, as is only likely to be seen once in many years. Tim Whiffler as a three-year-old had beaten everything he met. After winning the Chester Cup and other races, he fairly ran away at Goodwood from a field which comprised some of the best horses then in training. At Doncaster he met Asteroid, the best horse of his year, and beat him. At the same meeting he encountered Buckstone, and again triumphed. It was natural to bet odds on such a horse against Buckstone for the Ascot Cup, and the public supported him enthusiastically. But Tim had not improved with age, though his speed was undeniable and his action as beautiful as ever. All that Rogers' splendid riding could do was to bring off a dead heat. Nevertheless, in the deciding heat, 6 to 4 was freely laid upon Tim Whiffler. The same tactics were put into play in both heats. Tim forced the running at a tremendous pace, and the second heat was actually run in fourteen seconds less than the first. But it was evident, even as he came up the hill the first time, that he felt the weight he was carrying, and his distress as he climbed the hill to the winning-post the second time was terrible. Buckstone, a far more powerful horse, beat him easily. No one who saw that finish expected to see Tim Whiffler at the post again, and indeed he has never started for a race since that day. Mr. Merry's fortune, on the great day of the Royal meeting was remarkable. Besides the splendid prize of the Cup which Buckstone gained for him, he won a race with Scottish Chief, whose running on that day is doubtless remembered by those who are now backing him for the Derby, and another race with Gladstone. The chief features of the latter half of the season, particularly Goodwood, York, and Doncaster, will deserve notice on some other occasion. There was fine racing at these three places, but nothing so memorable as the two contests for the Ascot Cup.

## REVIEWS.

### VICTORIES OF LOVE.\*

IN a new edition of the *Victories of Love*, or the concluding portion of the *Angel in the House*, Mr. Patmore has wisely ceased to underline or emphasize, by an occasional harshness or oddity, theories which were already in themselves sufficiently subtle and peculiar. Few poets have so consistently followed out their own purpose, or more completely appropriated a subject deliberately chosen. In the first part of his poem, Mr. Patmore seemed to propound an irritating paradox in the announcement that he had discovered an "unsung theme" in love:—

In green and undiscovered ground,  
Yet near when many others sing,  
I have the very well-head found  
Whence gushes the Pierian spring.

It appears, however, that he perfectly understood his own meaning, and that his subject was, in a certain sense, new, as his treatment is undoubtedly original. The *Angel in the House* contains an analysis equally fanciful and profound of the idealized sentiments which are supposed to constitute the love of husband and wife. Perhaps only imaginative minds recognise in the poem the feelings of their past lives, or of their youthful dreams; but Mr. Patmore's realism is as thoroughgoing as if he had studied in the school of Balzac, although he occupies himself solely with those human relations which French novelists habitually exclude from their conception of love. His poem is said to be more popular in America than in England, and perhaps the slower appreciation of its value may in some degree be owing to insular shyness. Many persons have some connexion with marriage, in the way of hope, of enjoyment, of disappointment, or of regret, and they almost shrink from an invitation to tread on the glowing embers or even on the crackling cinders of their own experience. For average women Mr. Patmore is too thoughtful and elaborate, and masculine intellects are more likely to be attracted by his poetical vigour than by the minute accuracy of his psychological observations. The intrinsic merit of his poem will secure it a permanent place in literature, and an established reputation will gradually produce an affluence of competent readers and candid disciples. A town-crier provides himself with an audience as he walks, but an oracle is only frequented by converts and believers.

\* *The Victories of Love*. By Coventry Patmore. 1863.

The scepticism which disputes the utility of metre would be almost sufficiently refuted by the interest and beauty of a work which would scarcely have been conceivable in prose. Mr. Patmore's language would not have been appropriate to his subject if it had been commonplace or even habitually simple. The anatomy of feeling requires the elevation and colouring of poetry to convert skeletons into living forms. A style which might, from some points of view, be regarded as artificial is, in truth, the most natural expression of thoughts which could only have been framed in a highly cultivated age. In the poetry of action and direct emotion the abundant use of short monosyllabic words indicates the immediate sympathy of the writer with the common instincts and interests of mankind. Mr. Patmore employs plain words and simply constructed sentences when he confines himself to narrative or to ordinary dialogue, but the recondite theories of duty and feeling, which are the proper business of his poem, often require the aid of abstract and philosophical language. There is also a kind of chivalrous exaggeration in the sentiments of his principal characters which, when combined with the fanciful ingenuity which they derive from the author of their existence, approaches sometimes to the borders of euphuism. Refinements which are only discerned by a delicate observation could scarcely be made intelligible without a certain strain of expression, and the occasional obscurities which may baffle an indolent reader consist less in abstract words than in the subtlety of a far-fetched meaning. It may possibly be true that women sometimes acquire the qualities which their lovers attribute to them, but the simple proposition imperfectly represents the elaborate flattery which the fictitious poet who is the hero of the story addresses to his wife:—

Verily it seem'd  
That nought beyond you could be dream'd  
Of beauty and of heaven's delight.  
Zeal of an unknown infinite  
Yet bade me ever wish you more  
Beatified than e'er before.  
Angelical were your replies  
To my prophetic flatteries;  
And sweet was the compulsion strong  
That drew me in the course along  
Of heaven's increasing bright allure,  
With provocations fresh of your  
Victorious capacity.  
Whither may love so fledged not fly?

The passage is not one of the most favourable specimens of Mr. Patmore's style, and it is exceptionally disfigured by one bad line, ending in the awkward word *allure*; but it exemplifies his frequent habit of fixing his grasp on a thought or image which is almost too delicate to be tangible. The alternate progress of the lover's imagination, and of the perfections which he anticipates and produces, is accurately described in phrases which would be pedantic if they were not specially adapted to their purpose. The very appearance of effort is sometimes useful in provoking a corresponding closeness of attention, and even in exhibiting the union of reflective thought with earnest feeling. The impulse of passionate emotion to understand and to utter itself is natural and poetical, but can never be plain or straightforward. Those who are curious in the mysteries of which he treats will find in Mr. Patmore one of the most exhaustive and eloquent of prophets. The only objection which could be urged to the morality of his doctrine is that it is almost too elevated and difficult for the practice of the ordinary world. Ethical orthodoxy has but little to do with the merits of poetry; but Mr. Patmore's theories are so far connected with his art, that they are the natural product of an imaginative and intuitive logic.

The simple groundwork of the story is known to almost all genuine students of poetry, although the progress of the book to wider popularity is naturally slow. A perfectly happy marriage, recorded in the first part of the poem, furnishes matter for the second by driving a disappointed lover to console himself with a less ambitious union. The course of true love running altogether smooth, while it formed in itself the more attractive subject, had been delineated in Mr. Patmore's first edition with a curious and elaborate felicity. The more difficult task of tracing the gradual elevation of an inferior nature, under the influence of married life, was also less carefully achieved. In the unfinished sketch of *Faithful for Ever*, the humble heroine recalled real life too crudely and too closely in her homely and frivolous stupidity. The love-change or transformation which she undergoes, like the body of the shipwrecked king in the *Tempest*, was insufficient to reconcile the imagination to her original vulgarity. The metamorphosis itself is pleasant to contemplate:—

Of her bones is coral made;  
Those are pearls that were her eyes;

but the representation of the original corpse was repulsive and unnecessary. Mr. Patmore has removed the defects of the former edition with much skill and judgment, by recasting the poem under the new and significant title of *Victories of Love*. The defective education and manners of the devoted wife are more slightly and delicately indicated, and she moulds herself more rapidly on the character, not, as a prosaic fancy might suggest, of her husband, but of the Honoria of his early love and his maturer dreams. The half jealous admiration of the unpretending woman for the ideal model which she has striven to imitate is represented with graceful and characteristic subtlety. In a dream or vision which embodies her aspirations she has attained the resemblance which she had cherished:—

And, following thus the lady, she  
Turn'd off to gaze and smile on me,  
Saying how like I was to one  
She knew on earth, more heavenly none;  
"And, when you laugh, I see," she sigh'd,  
"How much he lov'd her. Many a bride  
In heaven such countersemblance bears,  
Through what Love deemed rejected prayers."

It is less difficult to understand the change in the feelings of the husband, who at first only cared to compensate by patient kindness for his own blunder in forming a hasty and unequal match. The unconscious growth of affection through habit and gratitude, and afterwards from appreciation of its own effects, finds expression in an image which is the most appropriate symbol of gradual and enduring growth:—

No magic of her voice and smile  
Suddenly raised a fairy isle,  
But fondness for her underwent  
An unregarded increment  
Like that which lifts for centuries  
The coral reef within the seas,  
Till, lo, the land where was the wave,  
Alas! 'tis everywhere her grave.

There is no better test of the genuineness of a poetical faculty than the apparent obviousness of comparisons which might otherwise by their remoteness suggest a cold and deliberate ingenuity. The coral reef satisfies and reposes the imagination as a material object, while it is at the same time inseparably associated with the thought of slow and imperceptible increase. The same fine perception of analogy distinguishes many passages in the poem, as in the mention

Of faith, that straight towards heaven's far spring  
Sleeps, like a swallow on the wing.

In other instances Mr. Patmore decorates his curious labyrinth at intervals with fanciful lights, instead of illuminating its mazes with a pervading flash:—

The infinite of man is found  
But in the beating of its bound,  
And if a brook its banks o'erpass,  
'Tis not a sea, but a morass.

A captious critic might object that the limited effect of the inundation is caused, not by banks restraining infinitude, but by the finite quantity of water in the brook. An ocean altering its bed would still be an ocean. Similar oversights might easily be found in the writings of the quaint and witty poets of the seventeenth century, whom Mr. Patmore sometimes resembles. There is the same kind of imperfect analogy in the well-known protest of Wordsworth's skylark against literally horizontal locomotion as contrasted with figurative or vertical elevation:—

Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,  
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

Of a perfectly just and yet fantastic similitude, there is no better instance than a passage quoted from Donne in Johnson's *Life of Cowley*, with the remark that, "to the comparison of a man that travels and his wife that stays at home with a pair of compasses, it may be doubted whether absurdity or ingenuity has the better claim":—

If they be two, they are two so  
As stiff twin-compasses are two;  
Thy soul, the first foot, makes no show  
To move, but doth if the other do.  
And though it in the centre sit,  
Yet, when the other far doth roam,  
It leans, and hearkens after it,  
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Mr. Patmore's fertile intellect abounds in similar conceits, and, as Johnson says of his predecessors, if he is sometimes unnecessarily subtle, "his copiousness and acuteness may justly be admired," even when they are not duly subordinated to his general purpose, which is in itself essentially poetical. The development of character which renders his uneventful story interesting is often elucidated by the fanciful imagery of his minuter illustrations. His depth and warmth of feeling always effectually preclude the chilling sensation of puzzled surprise which is sometimes produced by the frigid glitter of far-fetched ingenuity. The treatment of his subject, although not dramatic, is essentially personal. All his characters delight in investigating one another's feelings and their own with a fidelity more profitable to the sympathetic reader than would be convenient or commendable in ordinary life.

The story of the less fortunate wife who rises gradually to the level of her true position is brightened by a frequent introduction of the favoured representatives of outward and of intrinsic perfection. Mr. Patmore's ideal life is so far aristocratic that it necessarily includes prosperity and social refinement. There are sentimental philanthropists who, while they demand that the poor shall be educated and improved in their material condition, assume in theory, and especially in didactic fiction, that those who already enjoy wealth and education are morally inferior to the destitute objects of an inconsistent benevolence. When the drama of fifty years ago was rife with denunciations of "the white man," "the rich man," and "the Christian," a contemporary cynic inferred that the highest form of humanity must be a black Jew pauper. M. Victor Hugo and Mr. Dickens have employed their great genius in suggesting a not dissimilar conclusion. Mr. Patmore adheres to the opposite opinion, that the highest form of civilization is not to be summarily condemned as soon as it has been laboriously attained. His faultless woman is fitly enshrined



in the centre of cultivated society, and she is surrounded by all the embellishments of wealth:—

The powers and pleasures of the world  
Pay tribute; and her days are all  
So high, pure, sweet, and practical,  
She almost seems to have at home  
What's promised of the life to come.  
And fair indeed should be the few  
God dowers with nothing else to do;  
And liberal of their light, and free  
To show themselves that all may see.  
For ails lot poor man poorly give  
The meat whereby men's bodies live;  
But they of wealth are stewards wise  
Whose graces are their charities.

The less gifted wife, who has reached a moral if not an intellectual equality with her former rival, feels the charm of the society which she scarcely understands:—

She moves indeed the modest peer  
Of all the proudest ladies here;  
We daily dine with men who stand  
Among the leaders of the land,  
And women beautiful and wise  
With England's greatness in their eyes.  
To high, traditional good sense,  
And knowledge ripe without pretence,  
And human truth exactly hit  
By quiet and conclusive wit,  
Listens my little homely dove,  
Mistakes the points, and laughs for love.

It was natural enough that the happy possessor of the home which contained the "angel in the house" should generally prefer the pleasures of his own fireside to the encounter of masculine intellects; but he makes a mistake in contrasting his wife's boudoir with a club, where—

Like a careless parliament  
Of gods olympic, six or eight  
Authors and else reputed great  
Were met in council jocular  
On many things—pursuing far  
Truth, only for the chase's glow;  
Quick as they caught her, letting go.

Women are very well in their way, and, indeed, out of business hours, they are the best companions of by far the greater portion of life; but the old English custom of separating for a time after dinner symbolizes the truth that men ought also to cultivate the society of men. In conversation, the "chase's glow," or the exercise of the faculties, is the principal reason for pursuing Truth, and the interlocutor who happens to catch her had better let her go without delay, if he wishes to avoid the reputation of a bore. The hero who—

Walks home with a sense that I  
Was no match for that company,

is elsewhere described as the habitual associate of "the leaders of the land," who would scarcely have respected his social powers if they had found that he always required the protection and excitement of the presence of ladies.

The hackneyed complaint that poetry is extinct is a curious result, in some instances, of blindness, and, in others, of cant. In Germany and in Italy the art is dormant, and in America it has not yet awakened; but M. Victor Hugo is perhaps the most genuine poet who has yet appeared in France, and among English names it would be sufficient to mention Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Henry Taylor, and Lord Houghton. Mr. Patmore has fully earned a place in the catalogue of poets by the finished idealization of domestic life, which he connects with a patriotic purpose, in his final peroration:—

How sing of such things, save to her,  
Love's self, so love's interpreter?  
How read from such a homely page  
In the ear of this unhomely age?  
'Tis now as when the Prophet cried—  
"The nation hast thou multiplied,  
But thou hast not increased the joy."  
And yet, ere wrath or rot destroy  
Of England's state the ruin fair,  
Oh, might I so its charm declare,  
That, in new lands, in far off years,  
Delighted, he should cry who hears:  
"Great is the land that somewhat best  
Works, to the wonder of the rest.  
We, in our day, have better done  
This thing or that than any one;  
And who, but still admiring, sees  
How excellent for images  
Was Greece, how wise for laws was Rome;  
But read this Poet, and say if home  
And private love did e'er so smile  
As in that ancient English isle."

#### RISE AND FALL OF THE MODEL REPUBLIC.\*

UNDER the title of the *Rise and Fall of the Model Republic*, the late American Minister to Turkey, Mr. Williams, has written a volume which, though it looks like a book, is in reality an elaborate pamphlet in vindication of the Southern States. The particular question to which he addresses himself has the merit of being rather novel. He sets out with the proposition that the "American Union, as it existed in the days of Washington, is no

more, and will never be again." He then proceeds to inquire how it came to be broken up, and concludes rather oddly by suggesting a way by which the catastrophe might have been avoided. He shows how, if the horse had not been stolen, the stable-door might have been locked. The book itself is loosely put together. Its style bears every mark of haste, and probably never would have been a good one even if the proper degree of care and pains had been bestowed upon it. It is also considerably disfigured by long extracts, in small print, from debates in Congress and elsewhere. Still, it is worth reading by those who wish to understand the civil war, and to see what is the case put forward on each side. It contains also, like most American pamphlets, a good deal of historical matter which will probably be new to most of Mr. Williams's European readers. The nature of the argument is as follows:—The leading cause of the disruption of the Union is to be found neither in slavery, nor in personal ambition, nor in questions as to tariffs, but in the system of electing the President; and this does not discredit democratic institutions in general, but merely proves that this one particular wheel in the political machine was so injudiciously inserted that its play broke the whole structure to pieces. In support of this thesis, he begins by showing that democracy in America has, in fact, produced immense blessings in the United States; to which he adds the further observation that, under the circumstances of the case, no other form of government was possible for the colonies when they asserted their independence, inasmuch as they were democracies in fact. Their inhabitants approximated to an equality of conditions, and the materials for either monarchy or aristocracy could not have been found if any one had wished for them. So far, no one can reasonably question that Mr. Williams is quite right. There is, no doubt, a weak side to American democracy, but it is essential in these days not to forget that there is also a very strong side to it, and that it was and is as much the native growth of the soil of North America as the forests and the prairie grass.

From this Mr. Williams proceeds to describe the position which the Federal Constitution occupied in the general economy of the United States, and the principles on which it was framed. He describes the Constitution as having been to a great extent a conservative and, so to speak, a royalist measure, mainly promoted by that party in the States which was opposed to the principles of the French Revolution, and which was led by Washington, Hamilton, and others. Many of them, he says, wished that the President might hold office for a much longer term of years than that finally chosen, or even during good behaviour; and there were various propositions, especially one by Hamilton, for requiring a high qualification from the electors of the President. The arrangement ultimately made bore strong traces of this temper. The President was to be chosen by a number of electors from each State "equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in Congress," and appointed in such manner as the Legislature of each State should direct. The framers of the Constitution hoped that by this means the evils of an election of the President by a direct popular vote would be avoided. In course of time, however, as is well known, these provisions became altogether futile. The Legislatures of every State except South Carolina (which gave the appointment to the Legislature) enacted that the electors should be chosen by a direct vote of the people. The result of this was that the electors became mere delegates, exercising no discretion of their own, but blindly obeying the orders of those who chose them. The machinery by which the Presidents were practically appointed, especially of late years, consisted of conventions, or, to use the slang of the country, caucuses. These caucuses nominated some person as the candidate of the party which they represented, and the candidate so chosen became at last, by a long series of siftings, the candidate of the party. The electors of every separate State were thus bound down to a choice between two or three persons prescribed for them, and they were pledged to vote for the one or the other by those who elected them. Thus, the real choice lay with the caucus; the people at large had a choice between as many candidates as there were caucuses; and the appointment of the electors—who, by the theory of the Constitution, ought to have chosen the President—became a mere idle form. Mr. Williams contends, through a great part of his volume, that the effect of this was to cause the Presidents to be chosen on the strength of party cries more or less empty, and devised by electioneering agents in such a way as to catch the great mass of the voters. The President thus dwindled down from an elected sovereign, invested with discretionary powers of which the proper exercise was vitally important to the public welfare, to a mere delegate, chosen because he was willing to pledge himself to some particular "platform," and burdened with an obligation, tacit but well understood, to distribute all the patronage of the Government amongst the supporters of his party—the Government patronage extending over every part of every State of the Union, and being practically confined (except in the case of a few judicial appointments) to a four years' lease. Mr. Williams goes in detail through the party cries used in the successive Presidential elections, from the election of John Quincy Adams, in 1824, to the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860, and he argues that by degrees, as the art of putting together party platforms came to be better understood, the tendency to make the elections sectional, as he calls them, became better and better marked. When the parties were Whig and Democrat, Whigs and Democrats were found indifferently in the Northern and Southern States. By degrees the Whig party died out, but the Democrats were found both

\* *The Rise and Fall of the Model Republic.* By James Williams, late American Minister to Turkey, &c. London: Bentley. 1863.

North and South, and a succession of Democratic Presidents were elected. The Free Soil and Republican parties were almost exclusively Northern; and at last, in 1860, Mr. Lincoln was elected exclusively by the majority of the Northern States against all the Southern States and a considerable Northern minority. Upon this, he says, the Southern States felt that all the power of the Union was opposed to them, and determined to withdraw from the confederacy; whence the present civil war. Slavery, says Mr. Williams, not only was not the cause of the dissolution of the Union, but actually retarded it, inasmuch as it introduced a conservative element into Southern society, which induced them to support the Constitution as it stood, instead of setting up for themselves at an earlier period. Mr. Williams concludes by suggesting that the evils of the old Constitution would be, or rather would have been, obviated if the senior Senator for the time being had succeeded to the Presidency for life. In this way every State of the Union would have had a chance of furnishing the President, and in electing Senators there would have been an election to a contingent Presidency.

As to the merits of Mr. Williams's suggestion, it is of course impossible for a foreign critic to form an opinion of any sort of importance. The rest of his book is in many ways instructive, though it can hardly be considered to make out the case which its author wishes to prove. That the election of the President was the vent by which party feeling in the States found an outlet, and that it furnished the occasion for arraying the two sections of the Union against each other, may be, and probably is, perfectly true. Whether, under such a system as Mr. Williams advocates, the States could have continued to form a homogeneous nation, or rather an aggregate of nations like the German Confederation, is a question on which we shall not attempt to pronounce. It belongs to the region of the might-have-been, and this region is as unsatisfactory as it is tempting. The election of the President cannot be regarded as the cause of the party feeling which it gave occasion to display, however much it may have influenced the form in which that spirit displayed itself. If there had been no difference between the state of society in the South and in the North, the President-makers and demagogues of whom Mr. Williams complains so bitterly would not have been able to set the two sections of the Union against each other. They drew the line between North and South, rather than between East and West, because there was a real division of interests and feelings in the one case and none in the other. The worst that can be said of the Presidential elections is, that they furnished an opportunity for inflaming this difference and making it the source of a civil war. The difference in question took various forms. It first showed itself in the disputes which led to the nullification of the United States legislation by South Carolina; but the ultimate cause of all these disputes was the same—namely, the existence of slavery. The great reason why the commercial interests of the North and South were at variance was that the system of slave labour was adapted to the exportation of raw material and not to manufactures. This clearly appears from Mr. Williams's statements and the documents which he quotes. One of the most important of these is an address of the Southern Members of Congress to the people of the South, issued in 1849, signed by Jefferson Davis, Calhoun, Mr. Mason, and many other leading members of that party. Its first sentences are as follows:—

We whose names are hereunto annexed address you in discharge of what we believe to be a solemn duty, on the most important subject ever presented for your consideration. We allude to the conflict between the two great sections of the Union, growing out of a difference of feeling and opinion in reference to the existing relations between the two races, the European and African, which inhabit the Southern section, and the acts of aggression and encroachment to which it has led. The conflict commenced not long after the acknowledgment of our independence, and has gradually increased until it has arrayed the great body of the North against the South on this most vital subject.

Such evidence as this appears to prove clearly that the existence of slavery was the distinction which led to the disputes which produced the civil war. No doubt the system of electing a sort of king once in every four years must have grievously embittered these quarrels, and it is highly probable that, as new divergencies are developed by the course of time, the same cause may produce still further disruptions. As regards the present contest, it seems equally absurd, on the one hand, to deny that, but for the existence of slavery, it would not have occurred, and, on the other, to affirm that the object of the North has ever been that of philanthropy towards the blacks. One of the worst features about the whole quarrel is that each side has so much to say for itself, and also so much to say against its antagonist. Given an elaborately ambiguous Constitution which each side professes to venerate; a general desire to have your cake in the shape of State rights, and to eat your cake in the shape of Federal legislation; a common dislike for the negro race, manifested in conflicting and inconsistent forms; and two bodies—the Union and the States—each capable of inspiring genuine patriotism; and the elements of such a quarrel as has rarely convulsed a civilized country are assembled in the most explosive form that human ingenuity could devise.

#### WAIT FOR THE END.\*

EVERY kind of novel, like every kind of dog, has its day and its value. We have almost outlived the novel of religious family life, and the novel of combined Platonism and sporting.

\* *Wait for the End. A Story.* By Mark Lemon. London: Bradbury & Evans. 1863.

Sensation novels, or the novels of philosophical weariness, have it almost entirely their own way. Therefore, this story which Mr. Mark Lemon offers us has a freshness and a charm of its own, for it provides us with something new. It is not of a very high kind, but it is pleasing, and, above all, it is not hackneyed. There is not a grain of philosophy in it from beginning to end. There is no perceptible moral enforced by its teachings; there is no painting of scenery, or life, or manners. It is simply a narrative that is kept jogging on in an easy way through three volumes. Its only claim to our attention is that it offers us a succession of incidents. We are never excited, we never have our powers of enjoyment or admiration taxed, but the story goes babbling on continuously like a brook. Two simple agents provide the author with all the materials he wants. They are time and crime. He seems to have discovered, and to have been pleased with the discovery, that if only enough years are supposed to elapse, there may be plenty of incidents in each chapter, and that if the villany is but sprinkled in thickly enough, the interest is not likely to lag. The hero, whose trials and early love are described in the first volume, is the father of the young lady who loves, is married, cast off, and forgiven in the third volume. This allows plenty of time for the villany to come in and operate freely. A bracelet, stolen and buried at the beginning, is discovered and produced twenty years afterwards, before the story is over. Thus the incidents can find a place quite easily, and there is an unceasing flow of robbery, forgery, perjury, and swindling, detectives, spying, revengeful wives, cursing fathers, and unnatural brothers. But although there is all this villany, we never get frightened or feel ourselves much moved. It is merely harmless and melodramatic, and carries no pain with it. The rosy view of life is maintained throughout, and even if these biographies for twenty years stimulated us to take any interest in the characters introduced, we should be quite certain that everything would be set right by that end for which we are told to wait.

The fashion of events is as follows. There are two brothers, one good and the other bad, and the good brother finds the bad brother cheating at cards, and threatens to denounce him to their father, who is quite the stern parent so familiar to frequenters of the Adelphi. The denunciation is only to be averted if Gilbert, the villain brother, will pay back his winnings to his victim. In order to get the money, he has recourse to a seeming miller, who in reality is a noted burglar, and to a general agent named Jellifer, the blackest of all the black sheep in the story. The miller wants security, and so Gilbert steals from his mother a valuable diamond bracelet. The theft is discovered, and Gilbert ingeniously makes it appear that Gerard, his good brother, is the culprit. Gerard, like a true hero of melodrama, is so tender of everybody's feelings that, when he is accused, he will not proclaim his brother's treachery; and so he is driven with many curses out of his father's house, and goes to Australia, having, however, first won the heart of a farmer's sister. She and her brother follow him to Australia, and she compensates him, so far as she can, for all his sufferings by giving him her hand. This ends the first part of the story, except that the miller has been betrayed by his accomplice Jellifer, and has been sentenced to transportation. Then the years begin to go by, and Gerard and his wife have a daughter, whom they idolise, and make a prodigious fortune. The miller, wandering about in the land of convicts, comes across the useful brother of Gerard's wife, and gives him a sealed letter, which is eventually opened a long time afterwards, and reveals the true secret of the bracelet. Florence, the heroine of the second part of the story, grows rapidly up, and when she is of a marriageable age goes to Paris to complete her education. There she sees, falls at once in love with, and immediately marries, under the profoundest secrecy, the son of the wicked Gilbert, who is the walking gentleman, and a character of the most engaging goodness. Their marriage is discovered by the gentleman's father, and they are turned adrift on the wide world of London, where they lead a precarious life, and come across play-writers, the theatrical world generally, sham fashionables, and so on. Ultimately, the husband writes a play, and it is going to be acted, when the chief actress falls ill at the last moment, and the wife takes the part with the most brilliant success, and especially delights her own father and mother, who have just returned from Australia. All goes happily now. The villain Jellifer is unmasked by his own wife. The hidden bracelet is found. Gerard reveals himself to Gilbert, and, as the price of still remaining unknown to the world and allowing Gilbert to remain in possession of the family estates, insists on the young couple being recognised and forgiven. All comes off happily, and the end for which every one has been waiting arrives.

There is variety in this story, and it is easy to understand how each half-dozen pages is enriched with its own startling incidents. But what pleases us is, not the accumulation of incidents, but the calm, happy way in which they are introduced, as if they did not signify, and as if the melodramatic world was the only real one. Nor are the episodes of a different character from the main body of the narrative. In the latter part of the work there are descriptions of some scenes in London, and especially of the haunts of broken-down gentlemen, and of actors and their ways. Mr. Mark Lemon probably drew from his own knowledge of the theatrical profession, and he has that acquaintance with London generally which is open to everyone ready to mix sociably with his fellows, and learn in a quiet way what is going on. But there is no attempt at giving a false air of interest to these scenes. There are no brilliant dialogues, no exciting plays of passion, no representation of wit and jollity. All is tame, and flat, and prosaic. A seely swell is introduced who preys gently on some of the chief characters,



and it is astonishing how lifelike is the portrait which Mr. Mark Lemon draws of him. There is not the slightest kind of point about anything he does or says. He merely suggests or carries out some very silly schemes in the silliest and dullest way. There is a complete absence of that attempt to make such a man vivacious and special and spirited, which is so familiar to all readers of the Bulwer type of novel. There is none of the conventional comedy, of the seizing of minute points, of the appropriation of characteristic speeches, which Mr. Dickens gives such people in his works. They are written of in the downright and simple and uninviting way in which they would be spoken of in police reports. And, although this may make the scenes where they are brought in rather dull to read, it gives us a feeling of reality. In actual life, the taverns to which broken-down captains resort are dreary, dirty places, where no one is witty or clever or ingenious, where the talk is as rapid as the refreshments, and where folly and weak vice go hand in hand. In the same way, Mr. Mark Lemon has been very successful in depicting the dreary and unromantic side of the theatrical profession. He gives a notion of the tame life which actors really lead; he describes their quarrels, without lending any false dignity or spirit to them. No one can accuse him of making Bohemia attractive. Neither does he preach against it. He does not even seem to be trying to photograph it with minute accuracy. The impression he gives is one that appears to be produced almost by chance; and it might be doubted whether scenes so tame and dull were worth describing at all, were it not that he has thus shown us the silver side of the shield which so many eminent authors have tried to persuade us is of gold.

But, although the story is nothing more than an accumulation of incidents, and although many of the scenes are described with a tameness which leaves nothing better to say than that it reflects more accurately than might be expected by novel-readers the tameness of the subjects with which the author deals, there is more in the book than this account of it would suggest. For it is a pleasant book. It makes the reader like the author, and feel a kindness for one who has treated him kindly. It is not merely that villany is detected and punished, but all the crime, however deep its hue, has a quaint air of unreality about it; while all the overflowing of honest hearts, and the domestic love, and the upholding of the cause of right, have a flavour of reality, and seem to proceed from the true sources of the author's interest. *Wait for the End* is one of those works which it is difficult to admire or praise, but which it is easy to like.

#### THE IONIAN ISLANDS.\*

PROFESSOR ANSTED is a sagacious traveller and a skilled observer. When the probability of an early close of the protectorate which Great Britain exercises over the Ionian Islands took a definite shape, it struck him that a tour was to be made and a volume written, and that quickly. If time were not taken by the forelock, another such opportunity might never occur. The beauty of landscape and the geological specialities of the Seven Islands would remain the same, but a respectable British Professor might not be likely to study them with equal comfort and convenience under an altered order of things. The moment would, moreover, have its own interest, as affording the sight of "a country preparing for a peaceful revolution." Mr. Ansted would be enabled to judge, "in some measure" (as he modestly says), how far England had fulfilled the responsible office undertaken by her in 1815; how far there was reason for the notorious unpopularity of the British Government with the National Assembly; and what was the general temper or feeling of the Ionian people upon the point of immediate annexation to Greece. Readers at home would naturally feel grateful for a report of the impressions of a critical and impartial observer as to the character and prospects of the ward now to be emancipated from our tutelage, and joined to Greece in the bonds of Hellenic nationality. In short, the Ionian question was culminating in regard to any popular interest likely ever to attach to it in England; so Mr. Ansted judiciously determined to catch the ball on the hop, and set out at once on a very enviable spring tour.

The volume which is the offspring of this tour is a good book as far as it goes, if it is not altogether satisfactory. That portion of it which relates to the geology and physical geography of the islands is done clearly and concisely, and shows the breadth of grasp and knowledge of the subject for which its author's name would be a guarantee. The few remains of antiquity to be found in the various islands were visited by Mr. Ansted with conscientious particularity, and are described by him with very sufficient accuracy. If the singular beauty of scenery which results from the combinations of mountain and coast outline, peculiar cultivation, natural growth of flower and shrub, brilliant depth of colour in sea and sky, is hardly brought out with sufficient prominence in the tone of his report, we should perhaps be thankful that he has not attempted the ambitious task of word-painting, in which so many aspiring travellers fail for one that succeeds. And if, after inspecting a country preparing for a peaceful revolution, through the eyes of an intelligent visitor ignorant of the popular language and new to the popular character, we feel that we are only in some very slight measure wiser than we were before as to the question how far England has fulfilled the duties of her responsible

office of protector, there is no great cause for disappointment or surprise. The view which the most intelligent and impartial tourist, under such circumstances, takes of the progress and feeling of a country, may be comprehensive, but it is necessarily more or less superficial. He is liable to cram his subject, and to take upon trust, from the best authority to be found on the spot, statements of facts and solutions of problems which, if he could investigate them himself, he would find to be more plausible than true. The main questions which Mr. Ansted proposed to himself in some measure to solve, in his rapid survey, will be answered more truly and more thoroughly by-and-by, when the present excitement of change has passed away, and the British Protectorate is matter of history. They will then be solved perhaps more justly by the calmer and more patriotic among the Ionians of this generation than they can be now by any Englishman, even among those most intimately acquainted with the Seven Islands. Mr. Ansted's observation is rapid and cool, and his judgment is not likely to be warped by prejudice and enthusiasm; but he is rather apt to draw stringent conclusions from information of which he cannot have tested the value. His book would be of great use as a speculative critique upon the defects and difficulties of the present administration of the islands, if that administration were to continue; yet we should be sorry to have it accepted as containing altogether a correct and complete summary of the history and results of the British Protection up to the date of its close. What provokes this criticism is rather the position which the opportunity taken for writing the book arrogates for it than any shortcoming of the book itself, looked at as an ordinary volume of travels.

What Mr. Ansted saw in the Ionian Islands he saw well, and under good auspices, and has noted down carefully. Paxo and the remote Corigo, and the various rock islets dotted about round the shores of the larger islands, he left unvisited. He climbed to the highest vantage-ground of Mount San Salvador, in Corfu; Scarus, in Santa Maura; the Black Mountain of Cephalonia; Scopos, or the Look-out Hill, in Zante; and Neritos, in Ithaca. He duly noted the curious frequency of kettle-shaped valleys, caused by the falling in of the roofs of enormous limestone caverns, similar to the one at Malta so well known to lionizing visitors as Maeluba. He visited the various picturesque monasteries scattered about on savage hill-sides or remote sea-cliffs, almost as secluded in outward aspect as those which stud the long coast-line of the promontory of Mount Athos, though actually allowing a much closer communication with the outer world than can be enjoyed by the monks of the Holy Mountain. At the Convent of Paleocastrizza, which stands among a group of exquisite bays on the west coast of Corfu, he saw and marked a curious series of pictures which the devout priest unwittingly exposes to the satirical observations of the heretical stranger. The series illustrates the creation of the world, in separate compartments. Mr. Ansted graphically describes the representation of the birth of the fowls of the air as a poultry-yard in an uproar. The expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise is "neatly executed by an angel in a brown great coat and scarlet waistcoat, with small golden wings," and carrying a sword with golden flames. He must look like a kind of ideal bandle in a well-to-do county town; but probably the whole series of pictures impresses the record of the Book of Genesis more vividly upon the Greek children who frequent the chapel than any oral lectures they are likely to receive. Among the picturesque and homely priesthood of the island (one of whom is portrayed in the frontispiece of Mr. Ansted's volume), there are many who, whatever may be their other virtues, can hardly be described as literate persons. Some of them are notoriously unable to write so as to fill up the registers entrusted to them by law, and habitually get this duty vicariously performed by a monthly visit to the nearest town, where a professional scribe enters up the parochial births and marriages from their dictation. It may be doubted whether some of them can read with respectable fluency except in the familiar offices of the Church. Holy orders are conferred by the Ionian Bishops (who in their turn are elected absolutely by their clergy) upon very easy terms in regard to education. There are native heretics who assert that no stricter qualifications are required in regard to habits or character, and that the servant you dismissed yesterday for theft may stare in your face as a bearded priest to-morrow.

Mr. Ansted remarks, and must have found occasion to observe in each of the islands he successively visited, that the most visible memorial of British energy which we shall leave behind us is the length of good carriage-road we have made. In Cephalonia alone, Sir Charles Napier, as Resident, laid out and constructed, with the vigour of a beneficent despot, 130 miles of good road. Will the young King of the Hellenes find as much to drive over through the whole breadth of his mainland dominions? Baron d'Everton, now Resident of Santa Maura (whose great strength of judgment and general capacity have, like his courteous hospitality, impressed many visitors before Mr. Ansted), has done much to encourage road-making within his lieutenancy, till lately the most backward in this respect among the larger islands. Corfu and Zante are well supplied with main arteries of very well laid-out road, and fresh cross-roads to the various hill villages in Corfu are continually being made. Full advantage of the roads has never yet been taken by the inhabitants. The main produce of the country is still carried in barrels or sacks upon pack-horses or mules, and they and their drivers seem alike to prefer the straightness of steep rough paths, or paved Venetian causeways, up the hills to the longer but easily winding slopes of a well engineered carriage-road. Since the

\* *The Ionian Islands in the Year 1863.* By Professor D. T. Ansted, M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1863.

change of the constitution in 1848, the general condition of the roads has greatly deteriorated under the care of the patriotic municipalities, who are charged with the most flagrant malappropriation of the revenues which should have been spent in keeping them in good repair. There are to be found, however, even out of the higher classes, men who are practically awake to the advantages of easy communication. The primate of the little Corfiote village of Spartilla, which stands half-way up the bluff southwestern shoulder of San Salvador, said confidentially, in the hearing of Mr. Ansted, that the union with Greece was a thing very much to be desired, but that, on the whole, he would prefer having the road completed to his village. It may be feared that the sensible primate has, somehow or other, drawn a tolerably correct inference in assuming that the realization of a concrete local benefit is to be the alternative, not the consequence, of the gratification of an abstract feeling of nationality. Mr. Ansted observes with truth that the roads, though little used, are not thrown away. They do unconsciously civilize and humanize the population:—

Were it only that they afford a free course to the police, and open the country in spite of the country people, there would be a great advantage gained. The Greeks would not be brigands, nor perhaps would the inhabitants of South Italy be brigands, if in those countries there were free and fair means of communication between villages, and from the towns into the recesses of the country, such as now exist, thanks to British protection, even in the smallest and least peopled of the Ionian Islands.

The specimens of Cyclopean architecture to be seen in the several islands are full of curious interest, and marked by great variety of style. In the wall of the old city of Leucas, Mr. Ansted had his attention directed to a singular and picturesque phenomenon, instancing the power of vegetation in lifting stones. The roots and branches of an olive tree planted close to the Cyclopean stonework have pushed their way through the crevices and displaced the rude courses of stone, carrying upwards with themselves one ponderous block, which now is half overgrown and entirely built into the tree at least a foot higher than its original position in the wall. The Dryades, as Mr. Ansted prettily puts it, have succeeded in overturning the work of the Cyclops. The Castle of Ulysses, and the ruins of Samos in Cephalonia, are, in the beauty of their situations as well as the character of their architecture, most remarkable, and well worthy of study. Mr. Ansted gives a sketch of the polygonal masonry of Cranea, a city on the western side of Cephalonia, with a scale which shows well the gigantic quality of the work. One block in these walls he estimates, from its cubic contents, as weighing twenty tons. He gives a ground-plan, which is still more interesting, of a gateway in these walls, fortified on a different principle from that ordinarily observable in the defences of Greek cities. A deep rectangular recess, forty yards long by twenty broad, is formed by a return of the walls inwards towards the city. Where these end, there is a massive tower, 24 feet by 16, placed midway between the walls, so as to narrow and defend the actual entry. A small guard in the gateway itself, backed by anybody who could shoot an arrow or hurl a stone upon the walls, might defend this long funnel against a *coup de main* by a large force, or might stand at bay for some time, even before its entrance, under the immediate shelter of the flanking wall, while the cattle and movables of the neighbours were being hurried behind them into the city of refuge.

Near Argostoli there is a creek, upon the coast of Cephalonia, where a constant flow of sea-water is sucked into the bowels of the earth with force sufficient to drive the wheels of two mills. Mr. Ansted calculates the daily influx of water as about half a million of gallons, and the fall from the sea-level to the cavities where it disappears as a foot and a half. The Cephalonians are as proud of their mystery as the English denizen who has utilized it is of his mills. The geological Professor ruthlessly undertakes to explain the puzzle of the constant flow into this sieve of the Danaides. His solution is certainly ingenious, and appears plausible. The configuration of the ground near Argostoli shows to his experienced eyes, mainly by an evident depression of the surface close to the shore of the harbour, that an extensive cavernous tract in the limestone rock underlies the spots at which the sea-water is sucked in, capable of holding much more water than the natural drainage of the superficial rainfall. Yet any cavity of finite dimensions must in time be filled, if water is constantly pouring in, and no natural vent exists to carry it off; and if the highest level the water can reach in the cavern is eighteen inches below the level of the sea, where can it run to when it leaves the cavern? The answer is found in the evaporation from the surface of the rock which forms the roof of the cavernous tract. The narrow crevices common to all limestone rocks, probably more frequent than usual in a district frequently shaken by earthquakes, act as capillary tubes. When the surface becomes dry and hot from the summer droughts, the moisture rises in steam from below. If the yearly exhaustion of the accumulated stores of water in the reservoir, through the operation of this tendency to temper the heat and dryness of the upper surface, balances the amount yearly poured in by the rainfall and the sea together, Mr. Ansted's theory explains the phenomenon very simply; and it is impossible to show by calculation the insufficiency of the solution in the absence of a proved plan of all the underground communications and the extent of the reservoir. On the other side of the island there is a small circular lake among the hills, so deep as to be named Abatho, or the bottomless—one of the cavern-kettles in the limestone, of which the lid has fallen in, but from which the water

has not drained away so thoroughly as in most cases. Probably the greater constancy of the capillary action, where the water which climbs up through the rock fissures for surface evaporation is more quickly and surely replaced by the constant indraught from the sea, renders the roof of the caves below the sea level at Argostoli more cohesive, and stronger against shocks of earthquake, than is the case with hollow ground higher among the hills, where extremes of drought and moisture would act more violently in alternately expanding and contracting the fissures.

In closing accounts with Mr. Ansted's volume, we will not say *ne sutor ultra*, but we may say *sutor intra*. We could wish that he had gone into fuller detail upon his own particular subject, and not confined himself to the islands of Greece alone. The geology and physical geography of the whole mainland of the Greek Kingdom, as well as of Thessaly and Albania, are full of curious detail. Mr. Ansted makes somewhere a very true and suggestive remark, that the history of Greece has been singularly modified by its geology; and he might have noted, in particular, how widely and deeply the same cause has affected the character of Greek poetry and Greek mythology. Any traveller of strong imagination may almost find the character of each historical city of Greece written upon the forehead of its site and the surrounding landscape, so great, yet so delicately marked, is the variety of Greek scenery; but the subject has yet to be treated in detail by a traveller who is at once a professed geologist, an observer of the picturesque, and a scholar. We are glad to see that Mr. Lear, the landscape-painter, who has devoted so much careful labour to exploring and studying the peculiar beauty of those regions, is on the point of publishing a series of views in the Ionian Islands; and we wish he would follow them up by a selection from his portfolio of sketches taken on the Greek mainland. They would be found to illustrate such a work as we wish to see written by Mr. Ansted, or any other competent person, with a strict truth and delicacy of observation very different from the qualities most prominent in the showy London-manufactured woodcuts which adorn the pages of some of the most popular works on ancient or modern Hellas.

#### OPUSCULES OF M. VAN DE WEYER.

THIS collection of occasional pieces from the pen of the Belgian Minister is ushered into a sphere of wider publicity in terms of prefatory eulogium which attest the hand of an admiring friend, but which are justified, nevertheless, by the intrinsic merits of the little volume itself. Better known, perhaps, as an able and accomplished diplomatist, it has been only by a few that the talent of M. Van De Weyer as a clear and philosophical writer has had the opportunity of being appreciated. This comparative obscurity has been of his own seeking. His pen has been for the most part exercised anonymously, and, whether from constitutional dislike to publicity or in deference to the responsibilities of his official position, it is seldom that the authorship of his acute and witty, yet thoughtful and sagacious, comments upon men and things has been suffered to transpire to the world. We are glad to see an attempt made to rescue from oblivion the choicest at least of those flying products of his pen which have been scattered over the sheets of the periodical press, or buried under the mass of contemporary pamphlets. The present volume of his *Opuscules* on subjects of philosophy, history, politics, and general literature, will be welcome to all who love to see such questions handled in a broad, liberal, and genial spirit, and who can appreciate the charms of a high-bred, polished, and uniformly graceful style. In his slightest efforts M. Van De Weyer is found easily abreast of the highest views upon his theme. Not a *brochure* or *jeu d'esprit* of his but is stamped with the two certain signs of a true literary calling—thoughtfulness and style, substance combined with form. At once forcible and lively, piquant yet restrained, his manner of writing recalls that of Paul Louis Courier, or those intermediate days when no theme of Parisian discussion was thought to have been set in its clearest and happiest light until it had been touched by the subtle irony and caustic point of *Timon*. But there is in it less of that acrid flavour of Rabelais which salted even to roughness the effusions of those pungent pamphleteers. In mingled shrewdness and delicacy M. Van De Weyer comes nearest the finer writers of the last, or perhaps the seventeenth century—Fontenelle, Lamotte, the Marquis De Lambert, or even Antony Hamilton, who, foreigner as he was, has been held by native critics next to Voltaire, as presenting the truest type of the French intellect, so strict is the purity of his diction, so scrupulous the finish of his scholarship. We await with interest the promised continuation of the series before us, the programme of which presents the titles of essays and letters on subjects of still wider and deeper interest than the few specimens which form the first instalment.

First in the present collection of *Opuscules* the public will be pleased to see that sparkling *brochure* in which, towards the end of last year, the diplomatist gave Mr. Cobden a lesson of political wisdom upon the Utopian counsel contained in the famous letter from Midhurst to the people of Belgium. Our readers, who may still recall the analysis of that masterly piece of political satire which we then gave in our columns, will not be sorry to have here the full text of *Richard Cobden Roi des Belges*. Nothing can excel the quaint though quiet humour with which the writer,

*Choix d'Opuscules de Sylvain Van De Weyer. Première Série. London: Trübner & Co. 1863.*



under the pseudonym of an "Ex-Colonel of the Guard," gives the go-by to the amiable enthusiast's vision of himself as sitting on the throne in peaceful guise, having persuaded the Belgian sheep to secure themselves against the Gallic wolves by turning off their trusty watch-dogs, razing their fortifications, reducing their "bloated armaments" to a few thousands of police soldiery, and reposing upon the security of the sublime principle of moral force. The lines of Béranger, slightly parodied, formed an admirable text for such a homily:—

Il serait un bon petit roi,  
Peu désireux de vivre dans l'histoire.  
Laisant à l'étranger à défendre son droit.  
Il dormirait fort bien sans armée et sans gloire.  
Pour sabre il aurait son bâton,  
Et pour couronne un bonnet de coton.

A terrible inundation laid waste, during the year 1825, a wide district of the northern part of the Low Countries. Among the numerous efforts put forth in aid of the sufferers by this catastrophe, neither poets, littérateurs, nor printers were the last to lay down their modest offering. Combining with a few literary friends and a benevolent printer, M. Van De Weyer wrote, as his first share of a volume destined to this charitable end, a pleasing little character sketch, much in the style of La Bruyère, entitled *Moyen d'être bienfaisant*. At a Parisian café—not the brilliant *Mille Colomes*, nor the noisy *Café Suisse*, but the modest *Corbeau*—an amiable old man talks over his youthful listener into dropping into the alms box the couple of francs which he had put by for the *parterre* of the play-house. With the same kindly motive, the writer was further induced to unlock a collection of Epigrams, Reflections, and Apophthegms, which had grown to considerable length, but which he had contemplated keeping in strict privacy until they should be sufficiently ripened by time. In the *Pensées Diverses* thus culled from the multifarious jottings of his tablets, M. Van De Weyer puts forth an amount of compressed wisdom and happy observation of men and things which combines the pith of Rochefoucauld or Rousseau with the sarcastic point of Scarron, free, however, at the same time, from the egotism and misanthropy of the first two, and the spiteful cynicism of the last. There is not, perhaps, in them the exquisitely volatile aroma which we find in the *Eyprit de Madame de Girardin*. It is hardly possible for man's wit, even when purest and most ethereal, to exhale that peculiar air of combined archness and delicacy which seems naturally to breathe through the concentrated small talk of a refined and clever woman. From the nature of the subject, startling novelty or paradox is hardly to be expected in didactic sentences on morals. Still, to use his own pithy words, the moralist is never more useful and true than when, under a happy form of phrase, he repeats what is known to all the world. To invest with a new aphoristic force of his own what may have been the trite experience of ages is the true calling of the proverbial philosopher:—

Frappes à votre propre effigie les vérités générales qui se convertissent si vite en lieux communs; et, par une vive empreinte individuelle, donnez-leur une nouvelle valeur, qui justifie leur mise en circulation. Les rois de la pensée n'ont pas fait autrement.

His philosophy, though unsparring enough in dealing with what is base or mean, has little in keeping with that faithless or sardonic temper which sees nothing in human nature but what is selfish and despicable. He is not one to despair of humanity, even at its worst, thinking no case absolutely beyond hope to the moral mediciner:—

On ne doit point se lasser de donner des conseils aux hommes. Il n'est pas permis au moraliste, comme au médecin, de désespérer de son malade et de l'abandonner, parcequ'il n'y a point de maladie morale dont on ne puisse revenir.

There is, in fact, he truly argues, no more certain proof of a philosopher's having, in his own person, erred and strayed from the path which he is so sage and so demure in laying down for others, than the prudery or the moroseness which he displays in picking out his neighbours' weak points, and his austerity in visiting their peccadilloes. "Set a thief to catch a thief" holds good as a maxim in the philosophy no less than in the practice of ethics. Scratch the Trappist, you will find the ancient *roué* underneath:—

Les moralistes les plus sévères sont ceux à qui leurs passions ont fait commettre le plus de fautes et de folies, comme les meilleurs douaniers sont d'anciens contrebandiers.

The volume concludes with a caustic epistle addressed to a certain M. Münch, Professor of Canon Law, Librarian at the Hague, and editor of a periodical entitled *Aletheia*. In the year 1829, during the crisis of the struggle then going on for the imposition of Dutch as the official language of Belgium, that courtly yet pedantic official—who had placed, it appears, his pen at the service of King William—had charged M. Van De Weyer, active as he had been in opposition to that obnoxious measure in his capacity of joint director of the *Courrier des Pays Bas*, with having himself written a work in favour of the Flemish tongue. Nothing can be finer than the irony and the wit with which M. Van De Weyer rallies the unlucky functionary upon his supposed discovery of this imaginary publication, and, parodying the heavy erudition of his antagonist, ridicules, through him, the pedantic Germanism which had invaded all the academies of the kingdom. The light shafts of his sarcasm play about their mark as the *banderillas* of the picador gall the unwieldy monster of the arena. The ghost of this chimerical treatise may well be supposed to have haunted poor M. Münch, who is first twitted with his official responsibility as the type of all that is accurate and precise,

a sort of living catalogue, and then pityingly invited to get himself out of the scrape by pleading infancy in his bookish functions, throwing himself back upon the recent date of his appointment, and exclaiming, like the innocent lamb in the fable:—

Comment l'aurai-je su, si je n'étais pas né?

Next, he is reminded of his German origin, of the literary conscientiousness and microscopic accuracy of that bookworm race, and the summit of learned pride from which they love to look down upon their darker neighbours. Is he going to bracket this mysterious *opuscule* with the "Sibylline oracles" whose face no mortal eye has seen, or with "clandestine pieces" stolen from their writers' desks? Has his unerring wisdom revealed to him the existence and the contents of a book unknown to all the world besides, unknown even to the writer himself? Is he about to keep the world of letters electrified by the hint of another apocryphal marvel like the famous treatise *De Tribus Impostoribus*, or to preside at endless literary spirit-soirées in the character of a veritable *Bibliomane*—to borrow the term of the Abbé Rive, *de hargneuse mémoire*? From this arbitrary creation of M. Münch as his text, the writer goes on to put together a series of delightful literary notices upon the subject of imaginary books in general, conceived in the spirit of Rabelais in *la Librairie de Saint-Victor*. "Many a title," in the words of Pascal, "is as good as a book." And from the time of Pantagruel there has been no more efficient or safer weapon than this device of the ingenious *curs* of Meudon. A long and interesting list is given of those satirists in France, England, Germany, and Italy, who behind this shield aimed with scathing effect at the vices, follies, or superstitions of their age. Lemontez, François de Nantes, and Courier among the French—Pope, Arbuthnot, Swift, Sterne, Walpole, and King amongst ourselves—certain prudently anonymous pamphleteers in Belgium—Doni, Berlando, and Brucialetti in Italy—with Johann Fischart, whom his countryman, Jean Paul, ranks above Rabelais himself, are cited as notable examples of this method of satirical writing. A fresh and inexhaustible mine has been opened in literature by this little essay of M. Van De Weyer, which has not been superseded by the later notice of Brunet upon the same theme. The writer cannot, it seems, part from his subject without a polished hint, for the benefit of his original adversary, that gentlemen of M. Münch's class may herein find something to their advantage. Fond as Mr. Münch is of imagining books, and well as he knows how to act upon the notion, he should be aware that two can play at that game. Never was Rabelais so mercilessly down upon an offending body as when he singled out those who would insist on attributing to him books he had never written. His railery would then become terrible earnest. "On m'en a méchamment supposé," he says, "*aucuns faux et infâmes*." And of this calumny he convicts the *Cafards*, *Cygots*, *Matagots*, *Burgots*, *Patephues*, *Porteurs de rogatons*, *Chatemites*, &c. These were the "semi-official writers" under Francis I. and Henry III. Certainly a comfortable reminiscence for the obsequious and sage librarian of King William of the *Pays Bas*!

In a review of the first year's Transactions of the Philobiblon Society, we gave, seven years ago, an analysis of the letter *Sur les Anglais qui ont écrit en Français*. This first paper of a series which we trust to see continued is devoted to the life and writings of Thomas Hales, the Irish dramatist, who, settling in Paris under the name of D'Hèle, or D'Hell, made himself famous, shortly before the Revolution, as the author of *Le Jugement de Midas*, to the music of Grétry, *Les Evénemens Imprévus*, *L'Amant Jaloux*, and *Gilles Ravisseur*—pieces which have not even now lost their hold of the French stage. We have no need to qualify, on the occasion of its republication, the terms in which we then spoke of this agreeable and carefully written memoir, which we take to be the very model of biographical writing—lifelike, precise, and full of matter, while lively and sparkling in style. What pains in hunting up the minutest details relating to a playwright almost unknown in his own country! What keen humour in the shafts which the writer lets fly by the way at some pet adversary in the press, as when he twits M. Arsène Houssaye with dogmatically asserting that in England the name of Hales is pronounced like *Hélas*, "just for the sake of lending up to a sentimental remark of his own, 'D'Hèle ont souvent cette exclamation sur les lèvres!'" A blunder as ludicrous is hit, at the same time, in the notice by the *Bibliographie de la France* and the *Bulletin du Bibliophile* of the author's promised memoir of Richard de Bury—those oracles having taken a learned Bishop and great English Chancellor for an actual member of the Philobiblon, and the inventor of its name. The secretaries of the said society, we are told on the same infallible authority, are "*MM. Monckton et Miles*." Yet, with all the piquancy which distinguishes his badinage, there is more of *bonhomme* than bitterness in M. Van De Weyer. However firm and close the grip of his logic may be, the glove is, notwithstanding, of silk. In this country at least, which he has for so many years made well nigh his home, such a contribution to the lighter department of literature will be welcomed with unalloyed enjoyment. Seldom, it may be said, since the time of St. Evremont, has it been the fortune of any foreigner so to identify himself with the feelings and sympathies of the country. If ever such a volume should be written, few names will stand more prominently than his in the history of those eminent visitors from across the Channel who in England have written in French.

## THE PRICKE OF CONSCIENCE.\*

THIS, like other mediæval books, may be looked at from several points of view. Besides any merit of its own that it may have, it is a monument of the language of the time and of the thought of the time. When a book is published for the Philological Society, it is, of course, the language of the book rather than its matter which is uppermost in the mind of the editor. To Mr. Morris the *Pricke of Conscience* is primarily an example of Northumbrian English in the fourteenth century. He does not, however, forget to point out that the book has another kind of value. We think, however, that we detect a sort of scoffing tone in Mr. Morris's summary of his author's matter, which we look upon as utterly out of place. The subject of Richard Rolle's book is far too grave for anything of the sort. What men five hundred years back thought of another world, set forth with a grave and earnest simplicity by one who was evidently in his day an earnest preacher of righteousness, is not a matter to be approached with any sort of levity. We may think Richard Rolle's theology all wrong—of course, every Protestant does think a large part of it all wrong; we may wonder at anybody believing a great deal of what he teaches; but that earnest men did so believe and teach about the weightiest concerns of man is essentially a grave matter, and one not at all suited to the somewhat light tone in which Mr. Morris points out, in his Preface, the most remarkable points of doctrine which his author brings forward. He is far more in his element when he discusses the poem in its philological aspect, his remarks on which, though perhaps not very clearly arranged, are thoroughly acute and to the purpose.

Richard Rolle was a popular religious writer of the fourteenth century, who took the name of Hampole, by which he is also known, from the Priory of Hampole in Yorkshire. He was one of those worthy men who devoted themselves to giving spiritual instruction, according to their notion of what spiritual instruction was, to their unlettered countrymen in their own tongue.

In þir seven er sere materes drawn  
Of sere bukes, of whilk som er unknawen,  
Namly til lewed men of England,  
Dat can nocht bot Ingliše understand;  
Þurfor þis tretice drawe I wuld  
In Ingliše tung þat may be cald  
Þrik of Conscience als men may fele,  
For if a man it rede and understande wele,  
And þe materes þar-in til hert wil take,  
It may his conscience tendre make.

The *Pricke of Conscience* is, in short, a long sermon in rhyme, acting mainly on the principle of persuading men by showing them "the terrors of the Lord." The preacher sets forth the depravity and wickedness of man's nature, and calls to repentance and godliness of life, by a minute account of the terrors of the General Judgment, and a description in the minutest detail, heightened by constant contrast, of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. He does not unite with his theological teaching any of those adventitious objects which we sometimes find in other mediæval writers. Dante describes Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise as well as Richard Rolle; but then Dante so describes them as to make his description a mirror of the history and politics of his age. Richard Rolle attempts nothing of the kind. He does not in any way dramatize his subject; he deals in no visions or parables, and is remarkably sparing of legends; he has few or no allusions to the history, politics, or manners of the age; there is little out of which the antiquary can pick up any information as to the state of Yorkshire in the fourteenth century, except as regards its theology and its language. The poem is, we repeat, simply a very long sermon in the Northumbrian dialect of that age. It is of value to those who study the history of language, and to those who study the history of theology and sermon-writing. But it is not a contribution to the general history of the country, like the works of Chaucer or Piers Ploughman.

In the history of human thought, however, works of this sort fill a very important place. In Dante the theology is somewhat overshadowed by the politics and personal history. While conversing with this or that inmate of Hell or Purgatory, we are apt to forget that it is in Hell or Purgatory that we are tarrying. Dante's genius, in fact, rendered him less fitted to expound a mere popular theology than a much smaller man. Introducing a multitude of persons, each speaking in his proper character, the notion of Hell especially, as a place of pure evil and wretchedness, is a good deal lost. We are ever and anon recalled to it by descriptions of physical sufferings; but the particular sufferers, Farinata degli Uberti and the rest of them, speak according to their characters in real life—characters of course by no means wholly evil. Thus some of the parts of Dante which are the noblest as poetry and the most instructive as history introduce a sort of theological incongruity. There is no such incongruity in Richard Rolle. The priest of Hampole had no poetical or political purpose. He simply wished to frighten his neighbours into godliness. He therefore describes a Hell which is a Hell indeed; every sort of physical pain is heaped together, and joined on to every sort of moral evil. Every sort of torture is inflicted upon the damned souls—heat, cold, every sort of anguish, and, what he

specially insists on, the ugly sight of the fiends; and, besides all this, they are perpetually clawing at each other and cursing each other. They are cut off even from the satisfaction of inflicting misery; for, though they wantonly add to each other's pain, yet the sight of the pains of each further adds to the pains of the other. Doubtless the pain thus felt by the inflictor is caused by the physical horror of the sight of what he inflicts, as we cannot suppose that any such feeling as pity is allowed to find its way into such a scene of unmingled wretchedness. On the other hand, pity is equally excluded from the inmates of Heaven, lest their perfect bliss should be marred by the thought of their friends and kinsfolk who are lost; they will rather, in the language of the Psalms, "rejoice when they see the judgment."

In all this there is something very Mahometan. A reader of the Gospel and of the Koran cannot fail to be struck with the contrast which they present in this respect. The remarkable absence in the Gospel of any details about the other world is not likely to be thoroughly appreciated except by those who make the comparison. There are very few passages in the New Testament which can by any means be taken as supplying such details, and possibly, even in those, the literal sense is not absolutely required by the context. But the Koran revels in minute descriptions of the bliss of the one abode and of the horrors of the other. Still even the Koran is a trifle to the *Pricke of Conscience*. Mahomet does not give the same space to the subject as Richard Rolle; he does not run into such minute detail, nor does he set so systematically about it. For Rolle, in the true spirit of the mediæval schools, formulizes everything, and balances everything against something else. Yet Rolle and Mahomet come together in one class as compared with the vague language of the Old or New Testament. Rolle's Heaven, again, though not sensual like Mahomet's, is what we believe is called, by way of distinction, *sensuous*. Ideas drawn from the symbolical language of the Apocalypse are seized on and dwelt upon as if they were physical truths; the spiritual bliss of Paradise, though not forgotten either by Rolle or Mahomet, is rather thrust into a corner. With mis-believers of all sorts the two systems are equally summary.

Som sal nocht be demed þat day  
Þat sal wende to helle and dwelle þar ay,  
Als þaens and sarazyns þat had na law,  
And lowes þat never wald Crist knaw,  
Þurfor þai sal ga til payne endeles,  
With-outen dome, for þus writen es:  
*Qui sine lege peccant,  
absque lege peribunt.*  
"Þas þat with-outen lawe uses syn  
With-outen law sal perysshe þar-in."

One marked difference of course there is between the Koran and the *Pricke of Conscience*. Mahomet knows only two states, while Rolle naturally enlarges on Purgatory, and does it with the same rude power with which he deals with the rest of his subject.

It is hard to blame Richard Rolle for a theology which was the received belief of his age, and which, without any essential change, is the theology of many at the present day. Assuming his doctrines, there is much about the book to give a favourable impression of the writer. He is thoroughly in earnest; he writes with a singleminded hope of making people better. His morality is tinged with the asceticism and formalism of the age, but it is sound in the main. Rolle, of course, heartily believes in the ecclesiastical system under which he was brought up, but though the Church and her ministers have their place in his scheme, it is by no means such an overweening place as to throw the unchangeable laws of right and wrong into the shade. And, setting aside his belief in the received demonology of the time, there is a remarkable freedom from tales of marvel and miracle. Both Scripture and the Fathers and Doctors of the Church are freely quoted; as in the example which we have given, they appear in the Latin text, with an English version following. There is something grotesque in the way in which the Latin is broken up into short lines to adapt it as far as may be to the rhythm of the English verses.

As a specimen of language, the value of the book consists in its being written in the Northumbrian dialect. It became popular beyond its own part of England, copies were made elsewhere, and the text was in some degree translated; that is, words and forms more intelligible in the North of England were substituted for the language of the original. This distinction appears to be well established by a comparison of the different manuscripts, and the fact bears witness alike to the popularity of the work, and to the wide difference which, so late as the fourteenth century, still existed between the dialects of different parts of England. Mr. Morris has some remarks in his Preface on the nature of this Northumbrian dialect, and its relation to the Lowland Scotch. He of course shows, what people in general find so difficult to understand, that the two are essentially the same as distinguished from the Saxon dialect of the South. At the same time he points out some differences, the natural result of a political separation. The Anglian or Scandinavian dialect, whichever we are to call it, forms one whole on both sides of the Tweed as distinguished from the Saxon variety of the language. Still, on one side of the Tweed this Anglian speech was the tongue of a separate kingdom, with a court and a literature of its own, while on the other it was merely the local speech of a distant and backward province. Some difference, therefore, between the two forms is the necessary result. This difference

\* The *Pricke of Conscience* (*Stimulus Conscientie*). A Northumbrian Poem, by Richard Rolle de Hampole. Copied and Edited by Richard Morris. Published for the Philological Society by A. Asher & Co. Berlin: 1863.



does not, however, affect the general identity of the two, which seems to puzzle so many people who cannot understand that a "Scotch" dialect should be English, and indeed the truest English. In most respects this Anglian or Northumbrian dialect is, as it remains to this day, more archaic than the Southern or Saxon English; but in one or two cases the progress of change seems to have been more speedy in the north. Thus, in the participles, the active form is still *loved*, the old form cognate with the Greek, Latin, and German endings—a form which we have so oddly confounded with *ing*, which is properly the ending of the gerund or verbal noun. But the Northumbrian passive participle is already *loved*; the prefix *ge*, still retained in German, and which long lingered in English in the form of *y*, is already dropped. On the other hand, the ending *en* is preserved in many past participles where it is dropped in the south. Thus the past participle of *win* would be in the north *wonnen*, in the south *wonon*. The Northern dialect, again, drops the *en* of the infinitive sooner than the Southern, and forms all the persons and numbers of the present indicative in *a*. On the other hand, Sir John Maundeville, and even Bishop Pecock, constantly use the *en* in the plural, and we need not say how long the *eth* of the third person singular lasted. But in words and spellings of words the Northern dialect remained, and still remains, incomparably more archaic than the Southern. The retention of *a* in a large class where in the South it has been displaced by *o* is a striking instance. Thus *ald*, *bane*, *hame*, all what are commonly called "Scotch" forms. The *k*, we need not say, is constantly retained when the South has *ch* or *sh*, as *kirk* for *church*, *ask* for *ash*. Mr. Morris admits also, without hesitation, "a large Norse element in the vocabulary." A copious "Glossarial Index" adds much to the value of the book.

#### THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.\*

THE authoress of *Mary Powell* has availed herself of the prerogative of all clever people and done a perverse thing. She has selected a not very attractive subject, and has treated it without any of her wonted skill or industry. Mistaking the real extent and nature of her literary powers, she has diverged from history made pleasant to history proper, and has failed accordingly. The reproduction of certain quaint phases of still life is essentially her strong point; and, although she has generally worked them in with more or less of historical matter, still the latter has always been subordinate. She might have both secured a larger reputation and done good service in giving a little more life to the vulgar views of historical events, if she had extended the scope of her work and ventured on more elaborate pictures. The authoress of *Mary Powell* and the *Old Chelsea Bun-House* has just the kind of imagination and the sort of interest in the past which would have enabled her to do for the young and the quarter-educated what Macaulay did for a higher class of readers. The dry bones of Pinnock and Goldsmith cry out to be covered with precisely that kind of flesh and sinew which this writer is admirably able to supply. But the *Interrupted Wedding* is an exasperating delusion, and will seriously try the patience of the author's admirers. It is neither history nor fiction, but both; and the two elements are clumsily combined, or rather there is no combination at all. The historical portion and the imaginative portion mix together as ill as oil and water. The only apology for an historical story is a careful working up of truth with fiction, a thorough incorporation of the powder with the jam; but the *Interrupted Wedding* is so clumsily arranged that, after taking a little mouthful of the jam, we ruefully discover a great lump of dry powder left in the bottom of the spoon. The critic has no choice but to swallow it, but we very much question whether the voluntary reader will submit to the process with equal resignation. The authoress seems to have been in some measure conscious of her fault. In the Postscript, which is her name for preface, she tells us that, thinking only to amuse herself by some "picture-sketches of Hungarian manners," she plunged into this little story, and, to her dismay, found that she had entered on "no child's play, but a solemn tragedy." We here get a glimpse of the spirit of female composition. It is apparently in what Sterne, with profane force, called the Religious style—"writing the first sentence yourself, and trusting to Almighty God for the rest." The authoress starts with a certain idea, and lets it carry her whither it listeth, as though she had neither part nor lot in the matter. She knows how her book will begin, but as to its probable progress or end she is as much in the dark as the babe unborn. This may be a very dutiful and touching trust in Providence, but must be pronounced, on the whole, not fitted for the region of literature. We expect authors to make up their minds at the outset what kind of a book they are going to write, or at all events to keep the manuscript to themselves until they have so made up their minds. Some writers talk as if their books came forth from their brains, or what does duty for brains, in perfect shape, neatly printed, illustrated, bound in cloth or morocco extra, and gilt-lettered. If this were really so, one might pity them, and might understand the crude unrevised stuff which is thought good enough for publication. But as a book must first pass through the manuscript stage, where copious correction, erasure, insertion, and remoulding are readily and cheaply practised, we cannot comprehend all these apologies on the part of authors for having tumbled into un-

expected pits and quagmires, and then dragging a crowd of as many readers as they can get after them. People may not object to this, it is true, and crude books on all sorts of subjects may possibly find a good market; and so far, we do not blame their writers, provided they make no pretence to artistic excellence or lofty power, and are satisfied with pudding without much praise. Only let there be no excuses about an author finding himself where he did not mean or expect to be. In this case, why cannot he throw his manuscript into the fire or the rubbish basket, and begin over again? If the writer of the *Interrupted Wedding* found herself involved in a solemn tragedy when she only intended to write "picture-sketches"—whatever that detestable phrase may mean—what prevented her from putting the solemn tragedy into a drawer and once more setting to work at her picture-sketches?

The little story from which the author sets out is simple enough, but, so far as it goes, is excellently told, as might be expected from the peculiar power of the narrator: A Hungarian peasant has just been married, and the bride and bridegroom with their friends are making merry, when an envious Haiduk—who seems to combine the functions of custom-house officer, policeman, and parish beadle, and who had been rejected in his suit to the bride—breaks in upon the feast and declares that the wine has been smuggled. A brawl ensues, in which the bridegroom falls the Haiduk to the ground. Thinking he has killed him, he instantly takes to flight, and hides himself in the woods. Here he falls in with gipsies who pillage him, and wood-cutters who give him bread. Then he gets out of the wood, and at once has a providential opportunity of saving the life of the sister of the Count whose Haiduk he thinks he has slain. The Count listens to his story, and the whole party hastens to the castle. Then we lose sight of the interrupted bridegroom for some time. The Hungarian war of 1848 breaks out, and the rest of the book is made up of details of the miseries which wars in general, and this war in particular, have always occasioned. The Count takes part with the patriots, and goes into the field at the head of his retainers. His sister accompanies him, and they both perish on the field of battle, fighting against an Austrian commander who had been the close friend of the Count and almost the lover of the sister. Then, for a little time, this Austrian officer becomes the centre of interest. He is wounded, and deposited in the house of the friends of the interrupted bride. This brings us round to the starting-point again. One day, while the invalid is lying on his couch, he hears a great noise and bustle below, and, after bawling himself hoarse to know what is the matter, it appears that the bridegroom has returned, and that the interrupted wedding may now be properly resumed. The jam is now swallowed, and there remains the unpleasant historical sediment. Three chapters more, entitled respectively, "The Green-eyed Monster," "The Catastrophe," and "The Last Word," contain simply historical facts, and are filled mainly with an elaborate account of the treachery of Görgei, the Hungarian general who surrendered twenty-four thousand men and an immense park of artillery unconditionally—an action which the writer calls, with female emphasis, "the work of madness." The admiration which is expressed throughout the book for Kossuth, and the constant representation of him as the purest and most self-denying of heroes, may seem rather exaggerated, but men know how to make allowance for feminine enthusiasm.

It will be seen that the name of the book has a very slight connexion with the greater part of its contents, but this is a trifling fault compared to the fundamental want of connexion between the different parts that make up the contents. The attempt to force a connexion where no real base for it exists only makes the matter worse. If the authoress had produced a set of distinct sketches—we mean "picture-sketches"—of Hungarian manners, she might have been more successful; though, if her object was to interest her readers, we scarcely think the scene of her work well chosen. The Hungarians are interesting politically rather than socially, and neither their costume, cookery, nor habits are calculated to furnish much scope for displaying the best points of the writer. As we have said, she has just the amount of mild imaginative power which is required for still life, and in the *Interrupted Wedding* the account of the peasant's marriage festival is in her best style. Whenever she has to describe domestic scenes and things to eat, the authoress of the *Old Chelsea Bun House* is sure to excel. She never allows an opportunity to slip of entering into minute details of dinners and breakfasts. The gusto with which she supplies the reader with imaginary bills of fare is quite a peculiar characteristic. Here is a "picture-sketch" of the kind:—

It consisted, firstly, of a very good stew of meat with vegetables; next, of a kind of home-made macaroni and vermicelli, called *nudel* and *strudel*; then a favourite national dish of meat in rich gravy, with plenty of red pepper or *pepprika*; then several broiled fowls, a salad, a sweet pudding, and pancakes. Was this a good dinner, or was it not? Tell me, my friends!

This constant introduction of things to eat into stories rather reminds us of the tales with which children divert one another, and which would be dreadfully unpopular if they did not contain a full and particular list of what each principal character was in the habit of taking for dinner. But Hungarian victuals, in the hands of the present writer, are much more palatable than Hungarian politics. Broiled fowls, and red pepper, and pancakes, are pleasanter in a story than discussions on the Bulla Aurea, the Hungarian Magna Charta, or catalogues of battles.

\* *The Interrupted Wedding*. By the Author of "Mary Powell," &c. London: Griffith & Farran. 1864.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS, No. I.

THE Christmas Book is a British institution. Like all other British institutions, it has grown into general use no one knows exactly how. Its rise may be pronounced to be coeval with that curious development of the modern mind which affects the useful and the practical and the earnest. To give mere luxuries and carnal material enjoyments is thought to argue a low moral standard both in the giver and receiver. A present is not thought to be right unless it affects the useful as well as the ornamental. If we wish to honour departed worth and genius and valour, we do not erect a statue, but we dedicate an almshouse; if we want to put up a monument, it now-a-days takes the form of a painted window. We must get something out of our sumptuousness. To send to a cousin a turkey and chine at Christmas is considered to be bad taste; such a practical form of *étrennes* seems to convey the notion that your cousin cannot buy his own turkey and chine. To offer a new clock or a dozen table-spoons to your friends and relations implies a doubt about their balance at the bankers. So the Christmas Book has come into vogue, because it meets a fashionable sentiment. The offer of a Christmas Book conveys no suspicions about your friends' solvency, and hints no doubts about the magnificence of their household means. Of course, in their heart of hearts, nine presentees out of ten would like something better than a gew-gaw book. A lady would infinitely prefer a new bonnet, and a schoolboy, while he offers a shivering kiss in acknowledgment of his godmother's gift-book, is secretly yearning for a clasp-knife or a pair of skates. But it is on the other side that the Christmas Book is so welcome. It is the donor who thoroughly appreciates this happy invention. It saves such a world of thought, and obviates such a tangle of choice and deliberation. All that you have to do is to fix on your price and leave the rest to the bookseller. As no conceivable thing in print can be thought unsuitable to any and every human being who can read, so no Christmas Book can be a mistake on the part of the giver. The more incongruous it happens to be with the habits and tastes and acquirements of the receiver, the more suitable it is. If a young gentleman's tastes run on theatres and cigars, it is quite plain that an illuminated edition of the Sermon on the Mount is the very thing to suggest another sort of life; and, of course, if a young lady is serious, the very same present, so admirably suiting her acknowledged habits, is equally to the purpose. So it comes to pass that books suitable and unsuitable have a value precisely equal, at least to the donor, in the way of presents. This accounts for the immense variety in the subject-matter of Christmas Books. Nothing can come amiss to the giver or receiver of a printed present, the only condition being that the book should be so extravagantly fine on the outside that it never can be read. Of late years, it seems to have been held that the whole mind of England was so passionately devoted to the English poets that no selection of them could come amiss; and so Mr. Aris Willmott and others engaged themselves for at least six months before Christmas in cutting scraps out of Chalmers for the Christmas occasions. Hence all the Books of Ballads, and Christmas with the Poets, and Favourite English Poets, and Poets of the Nineteenth Century, and Poets of the Eighteenth Century, and Golden Leaves, and Poems and Pictures, which for many a year have descended in all their sumptuous array of scarlet and gold on our drawing-room tables. To this profusion of poetical supply a cynic may attribute that deplorable ignorance of classical English poetry under which what is called the educated mind of England labours. We question whether there is one boy or girl in a hundred who has ever read a single book of the *Paradise Lost*, or who knows more about Pope than about the Vedas. Of late a somewhat better style of Christmas Books has been brought into the market. A single author, or a single work of an author, is now usually published; and we are glad to find that this year's Christmas Books spare us the tedious iteration of the same type of landscape illustrations to which we have been so long accustomed. Art had reason to complain of the copious flow of commonplace scenery which was supposed to be so English, and of which Mr. Birket Foster was the unwearied exponent; and wood-cutting threatened to sink from an art into a manufacture. In the present issue of Christmas Books, while the binding, and printing, and "toned" paper, and gilding are much the same as in past years, there is a manifest improvement in the choice of subjects; and though we cannot yet describe the forthcoming edition of the New Testament, illustrated with all the powers of modern xylography, which is all but ready, after occupying for some years all the resources of the taste and capital of the house of Longman, there are several books in the present Christmas Catalogue which are a credit to their respective publishers.

It is superfluous to praise the *Ingoldsby Legends*. In popularity, the only book of the past generation which at all came near it was the *Rejected Addresses*; but in wit and humour, as well as in real and substantial learning, Barham far exceeded the brothers Smith. And though the mere *curiosa felicitas* of treating a single subject in various styles is a trick of art of no common difficulty, yet it does not present a novelty. Pope's imitations of his predecessors and Phillips' *Splendid Shilling* gave the hint to the *Rejected Addresses*, but the *Ingoldsby Legends* are an entire invention. *Jacobus a Voragine* and the *Acta Sanctorum* must have been read, and not very slightly, before the *Ingoldsby Legends* could have been written. Mr. Barham was a very accomplished man, and his *mise en scène* is singularly accurate; and his researches into chronicles and the details of costume were in advance of his

contemporaries. It would be impertinent, at this time of day, to praise the fun and humour of the "Jackdaw of Rheims," or the ghastly mirth of the "Hand of Glory." The English language, in Mr. Barham's hands, developed capacities in the way of rhyme which no master ever got out of it before; and though the mediæval and ecclesiastical fables were clothed in a strange attire of grotesque fun in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, yet their author never treated them with absolute ribaldry. He seemed almost to love that old world while he laughed at it; and one might think that the tales of glamour and miracle exercised a sort of fascination over their laughing narrator, and that he now and then sympathized with what he affected only to scoff at. It has not, perhaps, been noticed that the burlesques of the day may be traced back to the *Ingoldsby Legends*; but from Barham to Byron is a terrible come-down. In his new single-volume edition of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, Mr. Bentley has published an *édition de luxe* of what is now an English classic. The illustrations are furnished by Tenny, who has taken the labouring oar; by the veteran Cruikshank, who, by the way, gave the woodcuts, and very good ones, to the old three-volume edition, and which are scarcely excelled in the present edition; and by Leech, whose contributions are few but funny. Tenny's reproductions of the broken-backed and splayed-foot drawings of the early illuminators are capital caricatures, and the publisher may be congratulated on a genuine success. If Christmas is, as the conventional view of it assumes, a jolly time, this is the book exactly to suit what we are told is the laughter-loving season. A few lines of introduction contain an egregious piece of nonsense—a comparison between Barham and, of all people on earth, Hogarth.

"From gay to grave, from lively to severe." Few contrasts can be more complete than that between Mr. Bentley's *Ingoldsby* and Mr. Routledge's *Parables of our Lord*, illustrated by Millais. We have our serious doubts whether this distinguished artist is justified in frittering away his powers in book illustration. But we suppose he emulates in this respect the exuberance of Albert Durer. We recognise in some of the drawings of this volume as much commonplace as in his *Cornhill Magazine* drawings, or in such an inanity as the "Breakfast-room Idyll" of "Trust me;" and in others a dignity nearly equal to Holman Hunt's "Light of the World." But they betray traces of haste. The series of the *Parables* is too large and serious to be dashed off by *Luca Fu Presto* in a few afternoons. The *Sower* is very commonplace. The *Tares* gives the designer an opportunity for a clever and almost satirical print, "the enemy who hath done this" being a genuine nineteenth century Hounsditch Jew. In the *Wise and Foolish Virgins*, Mr. Millais reproduces a figure or two from his *Apple Orchard*. In the *Wicked Husbandman*, he has not forgotten the *Light of the World*; and, in the *Unmerciful Servant*, there is considerable dignity and force of drawing. The scenery is not Orientalized, which we think an advantage. Those wonderful lessons which are for all time, and nations, and languages, are somewhat lowered by being presented in a single dialect, which is the effect of illustrating them in strictly Eastern costume. In the *Parables* we want a moral, not an ethnological, lesson. The volume will perhaps sustain, though it will hardly advance, Mr. Millais' reputation.

The *Adventures of Allan* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) is apparently a revival of that school of Oriental tales which at one time formed a distinct literature, and in which Beckford was the greatest master. There is a good deal of invention in the story, and Mr. Watson is at home in this style of illustration.

There have been a great many "Selections from Wordsworth's Poems," but none of them have been compiled with greater judgment than a volume which Mr. Bennett has published. The title of it is, *Our British Lakes, Mountains, and Waterfalls*—a title which covers more than the contents of the volume, seeing that the Lakes, Mountains, and Waterfalls are only those of Westmoreland, and in Westmoreland only those which Wordsworth delighted to honour. Seven or eight photographs of Wordsworthian scenery—and such a frightful gravestone as Wordsworth sleeps under—constitute the novelties of this smart blue book.

Mr. Bennett appears to have cut out a line for himself in his Christmas Books. His *Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain* is a more elaborate affair than his *Lakes and Mountains*. The literary part is by Mr. William Howitt, and is a reprint; the photographs are new, and of considerable interest.

*Sir Guy De Guy* (Routledge), by Rattlebrain, is "a stirring romance"; that is to say, it is a rhyming burlesque, in which modern manners and old language are amusingly jumbled together. The opening stanzas are a remarkably clever imitation of Scott's swinging ballad-metre; and the mustering of the Volunteers may, as a mere specimen of poetry, compare with the gathering of the Scottish army in *Marmion*. We are not sure that the author is not capable of success in a more serious vein. "Phiz," whose clever pencil was once more popular than it now seems to be, contributes some funny illustrative sketches.

Mr. Routledge's Christmas Book of greatest success this year is likely to be his illustrated edition of *Robinson Crusoe*. Mr. Watson is the designer of the illustrations, Messrs. Dalziel the woodcutters. By the way, it would be an interesting inquiry to know whether Mr. Watson ever eats, drinks, or sleeps, and whether the brothers Dalziel do not represent a family equalling that of a patriarch or a Wigram, so many and so vast are their labours in the illustrating line. In the production before us, Mr. Watson is more serious than Grandville, but less graceful than Stothard. His conversation pieces are solid and thoughtful; but his



tropical scenery is weak and bookish. By the bye, how few people seem to know anything about the second part of *Robinson Crusoe*, or are aware that it contains about the best, if not the only, Missionary Catechism in the language!

Mr. Beeton's edition of *Robinson Crusoe* does not come into competition with Mr. Routledge's, as it is cheaper and simpler, alike in the way of print, paper, and pictures; but the woodcuts are varied and sufficiently good, while we are not sure that with boys some bold coloured plates which this edition contains will not be more popular than Mr. Watson's more artistic prints.

Wordsworth's *Poems for the Young* is another selection from the writings of one who, judging from these numerous instances, must be our most popular poet. It is a smaller and less pretentious volume than one already noticed, but it is carefully and fully illustrated. Mr. Strahan is the publisher.

Andersen's *Ice Maiden* has established a European reputation. Here is a new translation by Mrs. Bushby, with German drawings, a dedication to the Princess of Wales, and Mr. Bentley the publisher. Can a Christmas book present higher qualifications?

But, for practical purposes, give us rather a large collection of Andersen's most charming *Tales and Stories*, published by Routledge. Andersen is a writer who cannot be praised too highly. His dogs and birds and foxes are not like *Æsop's* dwarfed and miniature men, but they are rational dogs and birds and foxes, possessed of a genuine canine, avine, and vulpine intellect, or intelligence at any rate. The drawings by Mr. Hayes—a name new to us—are always passable, sometimes clever, and occasionally droll, and the brothers Dalziel engrave them; or somebody engraves them in "the brothers Dalziel's" name.

Griffith & Farran, successors to the original child's publisher Newbury, and holders of that famous mart at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard from which, since before Johnson's days, the youthful intellect has derived inspiration, give us *William Allan, or, Running away to Sea*, a tale by Mrs. Henry Wood, the authoress of *East Lynne*. It is designed, and grateful parents will owe Mrs. Wood thanks for it, as an antidote to that special form of juvenile insanity which effloresces in "going for a sailor."

*Busy Hands and Patient Hearts*, a story from Germany, and  *Fireside Chats with the Youngsters*, by *Old Merry*, seem to be twin books, as far as print, paper, binding, and the publishers (Jackson & Walford) go. They aim at a more directly religious tone; but the religion seems to be without cant, and they are good books for serious families, as the phrase is.

Letts' *Diaries* still bear the palm among the solid and useful annuals. Their publisher won a medal at the Exhibition, and wins and deserves something more substantial than medals at his counter.

*De La Rue's Indelible Diary* has the advantage of the scientific editorship of Mr. Glaisher, and presents a reduced copy of the publisher's well-known photograph of the moon. While the series published by Letts aims more particularly at the commercial world, the variety of binding of those issued by De La Rue, ranging from gorgeous regal purple velvet to humble roan, adapts them to all classes of purchasers.

*Punch's Almanac* (Punch office) is as funny as usual, and contains a good deal of useful information with the matter-of-course nonsense. The subject chafed in the frontispiece, and in Leech's best way, is Fast Young Ladies, and an awful pace they are going.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. MICHEL NICOLAS'S\* new volume is the complement of the one he published two years ago, and which we noticed at the time of its appearance. The author begins his preface by stating that he has carefully avoided everything like dogmatism, and that his sole purpose has been to examine the books of the New Testament from the historical point of view. In order to do this, the only course was to collect the documents issued during the earliest period of the Church, and to let them speak for themselves, without noticing theories and speculations of later date. Such is the plan adopted by M. Michel Nicolas. The book itself consists of a series of essays bearing upon three distinct questions, which the author has selected as of special importance with reference to the history of the New Testament. The first topic discussed by M. Nicolas refers to the Gospels. He has endeavoured to ascertain the respective characters of these four documents, and the relation in which they stand to each other. The Christianity of the Apostles forms the subject of the second essay. What were the views formed of the doctrines of Christ by Peter, Paul, and John? How do those views harmonize? How are they accounted for, and how do they affect the essentials of religion? The last disquisition refers to the formation of the canon, and explains through what series of circumstances the twenty-seven different writings which compose the New Testament, and which were originally isolated documents, have finally been grouped together as parts of one work. It cannot be expected that the conclusions arrived at by M. Nicolas will be generally accepted; but the care with which the subject is treated, the amount of learning brought to bear upon it, and the force of the style will be readily acknowledged.

M. L'Abbé Bautain, with forty years' experience as a public speaker, now sits down to write the theory of an art in which

he has obtained distinguished success.\* His book is not merely a guide to pulpit eloquence—it is a treatise on eloquence in general, composed by an adept to whom the church, the lecture-room, and even the hustings are equally familiar. The *Étude sur l'Art de parler en Public* comprises three sections. In the first, M. Bautain examines the preliminary qualifications which should be possessed by all those who aim at public speaking; in the second, oratory itself is considered, and a series of useful rules laid down for composition; in the third, we have the practical application of these rules, with a statement of the modifications which they need to suit the threefold requirements of sacred, political, and educational eloquence. M. Bautain's account of his attempt as a candidate for the Legislative Assembly is extremely entertaining. We have also been much struck by his remarks on pulpit oratory, not so much, perhaps, for their originality, as because they illustrate the excellent rule which obtains in the Roman Catholic Church, of considering preaching as a special gift to be practised by those alone who are distinctly qualified for it.

The Académie Française having proposed, as the subject for the *prix d'éloquence* to be awarded this year, the *éloge* of Cardinal De Retz, it was expected that many competitors would offer themselves. The life of a revolutionary prelate whose delight was riots, barricades, and *coups d'état*, who had studied Gabriel Naudé, and taken as his models Fiesco and Catiline, must have offered peculiar attractions to a French essayist. M. Léonce Curnier resolved upon treating the subject, but as he examined it thoroughly, he found the work gradually assuming, under his hands, proportions which had never been anticipated by the Académie; and instead of confining himself to an *étude littéraire*, he finally produced a complete biography, exhibiting Cardinal De Retz both as a writer and as a party chief, and showing his connexion with the society amidst which he lived. He remarks at the outset that up to the present time no distinct biography of the Cardinal has appeared. With the exception of his own memoirs, which, of course, should be most cautiously received, we possess, concerning his life and character, nothing but very meagre notices, often one-sided, always incomplete, and almost exclusively confined to his literary merits. The *avant propos* of M. Curnier's work is intended to show the utter impossibility of judging from such data a man who played a conspicuous part in the history of the seventeenth century; and, after pointing out the deficiencies of other authors, he proceeds to explain his own design. The life of Cardinal De Retz naturally divides itself into three periods, according as we consider it before, during, or after the Fronde; and each of these three periods is treated in a separate section of the present work. M. Curnier illustrates his narrative with numerous quotations from the Cardinal's memoirs, and concludes by a general sketch of the character of De Retz—a sketch which certainly cannot be found fault with on the score of leniency.

Here is another volume resulting from the tendency at present existing in France to protest against centralization, and to inquire into the administration of the provinces before the Revolution of 1789.† It would perhaps be a mistake to say that M. De La Roche's *ancien régime* suggested to M. Léonce De Lavergne the idea of his new work, but the success obtained by the one has no doubt had much influence in determining the composition of the other. Certain portions of the *Assemblées Provinciales*, originally published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, have obtained from M. Guizot an amount of praise which might well encourage M. De Lavergne in his resolution to give to the whole series a more permanent form. He tells us, besides, that the researches he was obliged to make, whilst writing a history of rural economy in France since 1789, convinced him of the interest which would attach to a complete view of the provincial administration of the country during the period immediately anterior to the opening of the States-General. At that time, M. De Lavergne remarks, the provincial assemblies were composed of most enlightened men belonging to the three orders of the State. It was they who prepared the memorable *cahiers* of 1789; they formed the majority in the National Assembly; and finally, overpowered by the Parisian insurrection, almost all of them perished on the scaffold. M. De Lavergne starts from the position that during the fifteen years which intervened between the accession of Louis XVI. and the month of August 1789, more progress was made in France towards carrying out the principles of justice, equality, and freedom, than during the quarter of a century between 1789 and 1815. At the same time he does not pretend to deny, extenuate, or gloss over the faults committed by Louis XVI. In the first place, the King should have convoked the States-General at his accession to the throne. By granting at once the reforms which were so imperatively called for, he would have strengthened his own power and taken away every pretext of revolt from ambitious and unprincipled men. The war against England on behalf of America is a second error committed by that monarch. The alliance of France with the United States contributed powerfully to spread a taste for republican institutions; and, in addition, the finances of the kingdom were burdened by a loan of 1,200,000,000 livres, to which the

\* *Étude sur l'Art de parler en Public*. Par M. L'Abbé Bautain. Paris and London: Hachette.

† *Le Cardinal De Retz et son Temps; Étude Historique et Littéraire*. Par M. Léonce Curnier. Paris: Amyot.

‡ *Les Assemblées Provinciales sous Louis XVI.* Par Léonce De Lavergne. Paris: Lévy. London: Barthes & Lowell.

\* *Études Critiques sur la Bible. Nouveau Testament*. Par Michel Nicolas. Paris: Lévy. London: Barthes & Lowell.

deficit is entirely ascribable which was one of the causes of the Revolution. The dismissal of Necker is the third and last error with which M. De Lavergne charges Louis XVI. The volume, which is carefully written and full of information of the most valuable character, contains, besides an introduction, a series of chapters each of which corresponds to one of the *généralités* or provinces of ancient France.

If we may believe common report, we are indebted for an interesting account of French songs\* to M. Charles Nisard, a writer of high merit, and who, by way of recreation, studies popular *vaudeville* literature when he is sick of the pedantic coarseness of a Scaliger or a Garasse. He once took it into his head to make a collection of all the popular songs he could get hold of. He read them diligently, and out of what he calls *un tas d'ordures* he succeeded in extracting "something not perfect, but tolerable, good, and even here and there excellent." The history of song in France, from its origin to the present time, is still unwritten, and M. Nisard has too much to do in other ways to think of undertaking it. He has merely attempted to treat the subject as far as the last fifteen years are concerned; and the fund of amusement and information with which he has supplied us leads us to hope that some other writer—or, better still, M. Nisard himself—may be induced to go into it thoroughly. We have, first, short notices of the principal contemporary *chansonniers*, and also of the wandering minstrels who, like the troubadours of old, but in humbler guise, wander from town to town, from fair to fair, singing *Le Sieur de Framboisy* or *Le Gendarme et le Brigadier*. Then come specimens of every variety of songs—bacchanalian, political, sentimental, and comic; and a kind of explanatory comment is appended to each, with remarks which are always distinguished by good sense and quiet humour. The volume is most elegantly printed, and the only fault we have to find with it is the absence of an alphabetical index, which, for a work of this kind, is positively indispensable.

When, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, the Académie Française was established, and some attempt was made to regulate grammar, spelling, and literature, difficulties of every kind sprang up on all sides. There were no dictionaries, and it may almost be said that there were no grammars, for those which then enjoyed the greatest repute consisted of mere common-place observations, hastily put together with reference not to Frenchmen, but to foreigners. The compilers of these grammars were totally incapable of performing what they attempted, and the true idiomatic language was gradually being formed by the conversation of those who constituted the polite society of the day. The irregularity prevailing with respect to spelling was the first inconvenience which struck the Academicians, and they resolved upon dealing with it at once. Mézeray, the historian, was commissioned to draw up a set of rules on the subject†, and his MS., after having been completed, was circulated amongst the Academicians, who annotated it, suggesting modifications, suppressions, additions, and corrections of every kind, each one according to his own fancy. M. Marty-Laveaux has reprinted verbatim Mézeray's MS., together with the notes of the other members of the Académie, and his little volume is of much value as illustrating the history of classical French.

M. Charles Monselet remarks‡ that the eighteenth century, in its higher aspects, is already well known. The authors who represented official and stilted literature on the one hand, and the *Encyclopédistes*, freethinkers, and philosophers on the other, are familiar to all. But, besides these, a number of third-rate writers might be named, who, although destitute of genius, or even taste in the strictest sense of the word, sometimes rose to real talent, and from whose works many a striking passage might be extracted, characteristic of the ideas and doctrines of a society on the verge of dissolution. Within the last eight or ten years, a kind of fashion has arisen in France for studying the works of painters belonging to the eighteenth century, who as artists possess indeed very little merit, and who perhaps on this account represent, better than Boucher, Grouze, or Vanloo, the epoch in which they lived. In the same line with these men we may place the writers described by M. Charles Monselet; and after admiring the wit of Voltaire, the imagination of Diderot, and the energy of Jean Jacques, we can study with something like interest the paradoxes of Linguet, and the eccentricities of Olympe de Gouges. The sketches collected by M. Monselet are thirteen in number, and belong exclusively to that class of adventurers who, unencumbered by scruples, used every means to bring about the destruction of the political and religious edifice. *Figaro* is the best ideal type of these men. Beaumarchais realized it most effectively, thanks to his extraordinary talent, and the band of *originaires* now referred to walked in his footsteps with more or less audacity.

Madame *Trois Étoiles* is a lady leading a very quiet and comparatively secluded life§, busy with the education of her children, and anxious to procure for them the intellectual advantages which shall stand them in stead of wealth and affluence. The rudimentary part of the training she has managed; but now, when the time comes for venturing upon teaching of a more

decidedly literary character, she is afraid of going on without a guide. In this emergency, she bethinks herself of an old friend, M. A. Sayous, author of several excellent books on the history of French literature, and she applies to him for advice. The result is a series of communications treating of various points of literature, style, and composition, and forming altogether an excellent manual, which may be recommended both to pupils and to teachers.

M. Hachette's collection of the French classics appears to be proceeding satisfactorily; and as the seventh volume of Madame De Sévigné's correspondence is now before us\*, we have fairly got through half the chit-chat of the amiable *Marquise*. Without examining attentively the volumes as they appear, it is impossible to form an adequate idea either of the utter negligence with which texts were formerly printed, or of the service M. Hachette has rendered in giving us at last a correct reproduction of the thoughts and language of the great writers who did so much, two hundred years ago, for the glory of France. We have on another occasion said something of the Chevalier De Perrin and of the system he employed in editing Madame De Sévigné's letters. A couple of illustrations may be introduced here in order to show what that system actually was. In a letter bearing date November 5, 1684 (pages 303-310 of the present edition), Madame De Sévigné says, "C'est une petite pointe de vin qui réveille." This last word is perfectly legible in the original MS., and yet M. Perrin managed to misread it, and to print *roussille*, which is a positive barbarism; the fun of the thing being that accredited grammarians and erudite lexicographers actually introduced *roussille* into the supplement of the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, under the authority of Madame De Sévigné. The second specimen of editorial stolidity we would notice is still more curious. All the best editions of the correspondence, even that of Techener, now in course of publication, give in the letter dated August 1, 1685, a sentence which is absolutely unintelligible, Madame De Sévigné being made to say—"Vous êtes quelquefois trop discrète de la moitié de beaucoup de différentes réflexions." Readers should scarcely imagine that this *galimatias* originated in the fact that two pages in the autograph MS. were transposed, and the copyist, proceeding with his task in a mere mechanical manner, did not stop to consider whether what he was writing conveyed any sense or not.

M. Jourdain's *Notions de Philosophie*† is a useful handbook, which will no doubt be popular in French schools, now that the teaching of metaphysical science is relieved from the interdiction pronounced against it when the University was revolutionized by the late M. Fortoul. In his preface, M. Jourdain shows that the knowledge of the most important points of metaphysics and ethics is familiar to even uneducated persons. Place before them arguments connected with their happiness, their morality, free-will, duty, and a future life, they will understand what is said to them, and readily find within their reach apposite answers supplied by conscience itself. The duty of the teacher is to bring out these answers, to reveal to man the powers which he possesses, and to show him how the weapons with which he is furnished can be best used against sophistry and falsehood. M. Jourdain's volume consists of four divisions, respectively corresponding to psychology, logic, ethics, and the history of philosophy.

With a *naïveté* which has something quite delightful about it, M. Victor Pierre makes in his preface a few remarks to the following effect‡:—Why does not an official candidate come forward and print for the benefit of the public the exact account of his travels in quest of a seat? Visits to the Cabinet Minister and to the Prefect, excursions through towns and villages, speeches, familiar conversations, questions addressed by his constituents, and answers made by him—if we had all these details faithfully jotted down day by day, we should know the whole story of an administrative election. Then, by way of contrast, it would be interesting to see the diary of a non-official candidate. A statement of expenses placed as a conclusion to each narrative would finish the picture, and impart to it additional eloquence. Now, in answer to this *hoc erat in votis*, we doubt very much whether any printer could be found bold enough to publish *verbatim* all the incidents of an electoral campaign, including the acts of corruption resorted to for the purpose of securing the return of the Government candidate, and the petty annoyances used to silence the Opposition champion and frighten him away from the contest. However, seeing that M. Victor Pierre's dream cannot be realized, let us try to be satisfied with M. Victor Pierre himself. According to his own statement, his history of the elections of 1863 is necessarily incomplete; but we must say that, so far as it goes, we think it very fairly written. The preliminaries of the Parliamentary campaign are duly set forth, the various incidents which marked it next come into consideration, and the volume closes with a series of official documents of a particularly interesting character.

The name of M. Scudo is familiar to those who read the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. This gentleman has taken music under his special care, and his *comptes-rendus* of operas, concerts, and other musical doings are generally written with much ability.

\* *La Muse parietaire et la Muse foraine; ou les Chansons des Rues depuis quinze Ans.* Par C. N. Paris: Gay.

† *Cahiers de Remarques sur l'Orthographe Française, &c.* Publiés avec une Introduction, des Notes et une Table Alphabétique. Par M. Marty-Laveaux. Paris: Gay.

‡ *Les Originaux du 18. Siècle.* Par Charles Monselet. Paris: Lévy. London: Barthes & Lowell.

§ *Conseils à une Mère sur l'Éducation littéraire de ses Enfants.* Par A. Sayous. Paris: Hetzel. London: Jeffs.

\* *Lettres de Madame de Sévigné, vol. 7.* (Collection des grands écrivains de la France.) Paris and London: Hachette.

† *Notions de Philosophie.* Par Charles Jourdain. Paris and London: Hachette.

‡ *Histoire des Élections de 1863.* Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

§ *La Musique en l'Année 1862.* Par P. Scudo. Paris: Hetzel. London: Jeffs.



For several years he had been wont to collect all his critiques, to revise them, and to publish them in a separate form, under the title *L'Année Musicale*, as part of a series issued by Messrs. Hachette & Co. Scruples of independence have, he says, determined him to discontinue the *Année*; and now, unfettered, he comes forward with a volume which, although similar in appearance to the previous ones, is, it seems, written from a less one-sided point of view. It is not our business to discuss the merits of M. Scudo's criticisms. We shall merely say that his work gives an agreeable account of the musical history of the year 1862 in France, classified under the heads—Opera, Comic Opera, Italian Opera, Théâtre Lyrique, Concerts, and Musical Literature.

We have allowed ourselves very little space to speak of the recent novels; but in truth they are all, with the exception of M. Amédée Aulauvre's *Enfants de la Neige*, so intolerably dull that they scarcely require notice; and, on the other hand, translations—even good translations—of Mr. Dickens and Miss Braddon cannot be classed under the title *French Literature*.

\* *Les Enfants de la Neige*. Par A. Aulauvre. Paris: Brunet.

† *Le Capitaine du Vastour*. Par Miss Braddon. Paris and London: Hachette.

*Maison à Louer, Conte de Noël*. Par Charles Dickens. Paris: Brunet.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**—Under the Management of Miss LOUISA FRYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON. **CATTLE SHOW WEEK.**—Great Attraction. Two Operas every Evening. Doors open at Half-past Six, commencing at Seven. On Monday and during the week, *BLANCHE DE NEVERS*, Miss Louisa Fryne, Anna Hill, Emma Heywood, Messrs. Weiss, H. Corri, A. Cook, J. Jones, A. St. Albany, and W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. A. Mellon. To conclude with the Second Act of Wallace's Popular Opera, *THE DESERT FLOWER*. Box Office open daily from Ten till Five. On Boxing Night, December 26, a Grand Pantomime, by J. Byron.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—**ST. JAMES'S HALL.** Monday next, December 7. Last Appearance but One of Lotte. Second Appearance of Madame Arabella Goddard. Hunsell's Grand Sextet; Executants, Madame Arabella Goddard, Barrett, Rockstro, C. Harper, H. Webb, Severn, and Paque. Violin, Lotte. Violoncello, Madame Hunsell. Conductor, Mr. Bennett. Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 25 New Bond Street; Cramer & Co.'s, 261 Regent Street; Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s, 48 Chesham; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

**M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS, HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.** Positively the last Six Nights of Signor Sivori's Engagement, and last Week but One of the Season. Vocalist, Mlle. Volpini. Grand Orchestra, Three Military Bands, and full Chorus. Conductor, M. Jullien. Commence every Evening at Eight. Admission, One Shilling. Madame Jullien, widow of the late M. Jullien, will take her Benefit on Wednesday next.

**SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.**—The ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES and STUDIES by the Members is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5 Pall-mall East. Nine till dusk. Admission, One Shilling. **JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.**

**WINTER EXHIBITION, 120 Pall Mall.**—The Eleventh ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES by living British Artists is NOW OPEN, from 9.30 A.M. to 5 P.M. Admission, One Shilling; Catalogues, Sixpence. **ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.** THE GENERAL MEETING OF MEMBERS will be held at the Society's House, 12 Hanover Square, W., on Wednesday, December 3, at Eleven o'clock. By Order of the Council, **H. HALL DARE, Secretary.**

**SWINEY LECTURES ON GEOLOGY,** in connexion with the British Museum. A Course of Twelve Lectures on CHEMICAL GEOLOGY will be delivered by Dr. FENGY, F.R.S., at the Royal School of Mines, Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn Street, on Thursday and Saturday in each week, commencing on the 10th instant, at Twelve o'clock. Admission gratis. **TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.**

**KENSINGTON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, 39 Kensington Square, London.** Head Master—**FREDERIC NASH, Esq.**, late Principal of the Neigherry High School. Second Master—**H. B. DAVIS, Esq.**, E.A., of John's Coll., Cambridge. French—**Mons. E. SAFOIN, M.A.**, University of Paris.

Preparation for the Civil Service, the Liberal Professions, Mercantile Pursuits, the Military Colleges, or the Universities. **TUITION FEES.** Classical Division, 12 Guineas per Annum—English Division, 9 Guineas. Preparatory Division, 6 Guineas. For a Prospectus, apply to the Head Master, or to Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, & Co., 65 Cornhill.

**LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.**—In the first week after the opening of the College, in February 1864, TWO SCHOLARSHIPS, of £20 a year each, tenable for three years at the College, will be offered to competition to all Boys under sixteen years of age, then being pupils in the College. Apply to the Head Master.

**THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE, WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, THE LINE, and the OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS at CAMBRIDGE.**—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above, terms moderate.—Address, MATHEMATICS, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

**WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and the LINE EXAMINATIONS.**—A Cambridge M.A., assisted by a Wrangler and other First-Class Masters, receives TEN PUPILS, and prepares them thoroughly and quickly. References to Parents of Pupils who have passed.—M.A., 6 Angell Terrace, Brighton.

**EDUCATION IN FRANCE.—AMIENS.**—Instruction (thorough) in French, German, Classics, Mathematics; and PUPILS successfully prepared for the Army, Civil Service, Oxford and Cambridge Examinations.—Address, THE PRINCIPAL, 3 Rue du Fosse, Amiens; or the Rev. J. P. BOND, Fenner's Villa, Millwall, E.

**THE Rev. WILLIAM WILLOCK, D.D.**, late Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and University Lecturer and Examiner in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Divinity, takes PUPILS preparing for University Honours and the Army and Indian Competitive Examinations.—29 Chesham Place, Baywater.

**PRIVATE TUITION on the MALVERN HILLS.**—The Rev. EDWARD FORD, B.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, who takes a limited number of Pupils to prepare for the Public Schools, Universities, and Civil Service Examinations, has VACANCIES. Terms, 100 and 150 Guineas per annum. References, Rev. Dr. Vaughan, late Head Master of Harrow, and Parents of Pupils.—Address, West Malvern Park, Worcesterhire.

**THE Rev. H. F. CLINTON, M.A.**, Incumbent of Bothamsall, near Ollerton, Nottingham, Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of Newcastle, wishes to receive into his house TWO or THREE BOYS, ages from Nine to Twelve, to be educated with his own Sons for Public Schools. German and French are taught in addition to the usual branches of education. German is constantly spoken, a German Governess living in the house. The situation is high and healthy, in the best part of Nottingham. References kindly permitted to a Nobleman of the highest rank.

**HOLIDAY TUITION.**—An Experienced Tutor desires an ENGAGEMENT during the ensuing Christmas Vacation in a Gentleman's Family. First Class References and Testimonials. Terms moderate.—Address, ALFRED, Post Office, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

**TUITION.**—A Clergyman, who receives TWELVE PUPILS to prepare for the Universities, and for the Competitive Examinations for the Army and Civil Service, will shortly have VACANCIES. The Advertiser has been successful in each of the last Six Examinations for Woolwich.—Address, Rev. M.A., Mr. Martin's Library, Blackheath, S.E.

**EDUCATION.**—A Lady, who receives SIXTEEN PUPILS, will have TWO VACANCIES at Christmas. Terms, from 70 to 100 Guineas, according to age, and advantages required.—Address, ALFRED, care of Mr. Westrupp, Chemist, St. Peter's Terrace, Kensington Park, London, W.

**THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Bedford.**—The MATHEMATICAL MASTERSHIP in this School will be vacant at Christmas. The Salary is £120 a year, with stipendium of £25 each, for Pupils under instruction, not exceeding Fifty; and permission to take Ten Boarders. Candidates are desired to send in their Testimonials to the Rev. The Warden of New College, Oxford, before January 1, 1864. Further information as to the duties, &c. of the situation, may be obtained by application to the Head Master, the Rev. F. FANSHAW.

The Junior ARITHMETICAL MASTERSHIP will also be vacant at Christmas. The Salary is £80 a year.—Testimonials and applications to be made as above.

**CURACY WANTED, in a Home County, by an Oxford M.A.** In full Orders. Parish Agricultural. Good Neighbourhood.—Address, M.A., Grafton Club, 10 Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.

**SUPERINTENDENT and SECRETARY WANTED, at St. George's Hospital.**—The office of SUPERINTENDENT and SECRETARY of this Hospital being vacant by the resignation of Mr. TAYLOR, Candidates are requested to send in their Applications and Testimonials to the Secretary, with the words "Application for Secretary" on the outside. Candidates must be Single, within the age of Thirty and Forty-five, and members of the Church of England. Salary, £200 per annum, with board and residence in the Hospital. Copies of the laws, &c., can be had on application to the Secretary. The appointment is in the hands of a Committee of Twenty-one Governors.

By Order of the Weekly Board, W. J. TAYLOR, Superintendent and Secretary.

**NEXT PRESENTATION.**—For Sale, by Private Contract, the next Presentation to a most eligible RECTORY in a purely Agricultural District in the North of England, in a beautiful Country and healthy Climate. Income, upwards of £500; Population about 400; the present Rector in his Seventy-first Year. There is a good Rectory House, replete with every requisite for a Gentleman's Residence, and within a mile of a Railway station.—Application to be made to Q. R. S., care of Messrs. Austin & De Gex, Raymond's Buildings, Gray's Inn, London.

### THE POOR CLERGY RELIEF SOCIETY.

**Committee.** The Right Rev. Bishop CHAPMAN, D.D., Eton College. The Right Rev. the Bishop of VICTORIA, D.D., Hong Kong. The Right Rev. Bishop DOANE, D.D., Missionary Bishop to China. The Venerable Archdeacon BENTINCK, M.A., Canon of Westminster, Dean's Yard. The Venerable Archdeacon ROBINSON, D.D., Canon of Rochester, and Master of the Temple. The Venerable Archdeacon YPOULLES, M.A., Rector of Llandysul. The Venerable Archdeacon PAUL, M.A. (late of Nelson, New Zealand), Pembury, Tunbridge. The Rev. J. E. COX, M.A., F.S.A., Vicar of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. The Rev. H. M. CLARKE, M.A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Forest Hill. Rev. T. ABBOTT, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Rev. T. BLACKBURN, M.A., Rector of Clothall, Baldock, Herts. Rev. J. BROWELL, M.A., Incumbent of St. James's, Muswell Hill. J. C. COLARHOUN, Esq., Charwell, and 4 Chesham Street. J. A. CAHUSAC, Esq., M.P., Temple Lodge, 2 St. George's Road, Kilburn. Rev. J. FORD, M.A., Fellow of Exeter, Torquay. Colonel FERRY, Surbiton, Kingston-on-Thames, & W. R. P. LONG, Esq., M.P., Dootington, Newtown. Rev. H. M. CLARKE, M.A., Incumbent of St. John's, Willesden. Rev. G. THORNTON MOSTYN, M.A., Incumbent of St. John's, Willesden. Rev. R. PARROT, M.A., Amwell Vicarage, Ware. Rev. J. STEWART, M.A., The Elms, Northolt, S.W. (With power to add to their number.)

**Chairman of Committee.**—The Rev. J. E. COX, M.A., F.S.A. **Deputy Chairman of Committee.**—The Rev. J. M. CLARKE, M.A. **Honorary Secretaries.** The Rev. H. P. MEASOR, M.A. The Rev. G. THORNTON MOSTYN, M.A. **Treasurer.**—J. A. CAHUSAC, Esq., F.S.A. **Professional Auditors.** Messrs. ALISON & WADELL, Rivington Street. **Bankers.**—LONDON and WESTMINSTER, St. James's Square. **Secretary.**—Mr. R. T. PIGGOTT.

The Committee of the Poor Clergy Relief Society invite attention to its objects. Established in the year 1856, it has been the means of dispensing upwards of £6,000 for the relief of about 700 applicants, Widows, and Orphans. The cases which have been brought under their notice have undergone full investigation, the result of which has been to convince the Committee of the great value of such an agency as their Society affords.

Deeply thankful for the kind sympathy their work has already elicited, the Committee feel that the Society needs only to be more extensively known to obtain increased support. For such support they would earnestly appeal both to the Clergy and Laity. The former can afford them much valuable aid by introducing the Society to the notice of their parishioners, or by allowing its claims to be advocated from their pulpits.

Donations and Subscriptions are thankfully received daily from Eleven to Four, at the Office, 28 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.; or by J. A. CAHUSAC, Esq., to whom Post Office Orders and Cheques are made payable.

On behalf of the Committee, JOHN EDMUND COX, M.A., F.S.A., Chairman. J. A. CAHUSAC, F.S.A., Treasurer.

**HYDROPATHY.**—**SUDBROOK PARK, RICHMOND HILL, SURREY.**—Physician, Dr. E. W. LAKE, M.A., M.D., Edin. THE TURKISH BATH on the premises, under Dr. LAKE's medical direction. Consultations in London at the City Turkish and Hydropathic Baths, 5 South Street, Finsbury, every Tuesday and Friday, between One and Four.

**MR. HITCHMAN'S HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT,** in the Arboretum, Leamington, is OPEN for INVALIDS and VISITORS, under the Medical supervision of the Proprietor. **S. C. WESTFAHL, Secretary.**

**CATTLE SHOW.**—Gentlemen visiting London are invited to call and inspect a large Collection of English and Foreign STEREOSCOPIC SLIDES, CARTES DE VUE, &c., at Messrs. MEGRETT & CO.'s, Booksellers, 30 Castle Street, LEICESTER Square, London, W.C.

**LORD HERBERT OF LEA.**—Just published, a very beautiful PHOTOGRAPH, from the Original Drawing by Geo. Richmond, Esq., of the Portrait of the late Right Honourable Lord Herbert of Lea, under the sanction of Lady Herbert of Lea. Life size, 45 1/2 in. Size, one-third of the original, 15s. H. HERING, Photographer to the Queen, 137 Regent Street, W.

**CABINET PICTURES.**—Delarocche, Scheffer, Meissonnier, Bellangé, Ingres, Cabanel, Steinhilber, Calderon, Lejeune, Oakley, Walter Goodall, &c. Mr. HERING begs to announce that he has now on view, at his Gallery, 137 Regent Street, W., a great variety of PHOTOGRAPHIC COPIES from the Original Pictures by the above eminent Foreign and English Painters. They are highly finished either in Oil or Water Colours, and being very handsomely framed, form the most exquisite Cabinet Pictures ever offered to the Patrons of the Fine Arts, at a very moderate cost. H. HERING's Gallery of Art, 137 Regent Street, W.

**BOOSEY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY.**—The Subscribers to this Library have a larger and better supply of Music than is to be obtained at any similar establishment in London, besides receiving gratuitously at Christmas the "St. James's Album"—a Guineas Illustrated Album of New Music. Subscribers paying Two Guineas per annum have the use of Twelve Pieces or Books in Town, or Twenty Pieces in the Country. Full particulars gratis from BOOSEY & SONS, 25 Holles Street.

**PREVIOUS to purchasing BOOKS, for School Prizes, for the Drawing-room Table, illustrated Gift Books, or Books of General Literature for the Library, secure, gratis and post free, S. & T. GILBERT'S various CATALOGUES, containing a large assortment in every department of Literature, suited for every class of buyers. London: 4 Copthall Buildings (back of the Bank of England), E.C.**

**FOREIGN and COLONIAL MAIL PARCEL SERVICE to all Parts of the World.** Regularity, Speed, Economy, Safety, Fidelity. EUROPE—France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and other places. ASIA—India, Ceylon, and East Coast. AFRICA—Algeria, Egypt, Aden, West Coast, Madeira, &c. Cape Colonies, Mauritius. AMERICA—States, British America, Havannah, Mexico, West Indies, N. & S. Pacific, California, British Columbia, and Esquimaux.

**AUSTRALASIA.**—Tasmania and New Zealand. Shipping in all its branches. Passengers engaged, baggage shipped, insurances effected. For days of registry and tariffs apply at 21 Regent Street, S.W.; Chaplin's, Regent Circus, W.; 150 Leadenhall Street, E.C.

WHEATLEY & CO. (late Waghorn), established 27 years.

## ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Established A.D. 1720, by Charter of King George the First, and confirmed by

Special Acts of Parliament.

Chief Office, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; Branch, 20 PAUL MALL.

OCTAVIUS WIGRAM, Esq., Governor.

GEORGE PEAKES BARCLAY, Esq., Sub-Governor.

Sir JOHN HENRY FELL, Bart., Deputy-Governor.

Directors.

Henry Balafridge, Esq.

Robert Barclay, Esq.

John Garratt Cattle, Esq.

Mark Currie Close, Esq.

William Davidson, Esq.

Thomas Dent, Esq.

Alexander Druce, Esq.

Frederick Joseph Edmonds, Esq.

Riversdale Wm. Grenfell, Esq.

Robert Amadeus Heath, Esq.

William Telford Hibbert, Esq.

James Stewart Hodgson, Esq.

Wilmot Holland, Esq.

The Earl of Leven and Melville.

Charles John Manning, Esq.

Henry Nelson, Esq.

Hon. Joceline Wm. Perey.

Charles Robinson, Esq.

Samuel Leo Schuster, Esq.

Eric Carrington Smith, Esq.

William Soltau, Esq.

Joseph Somes, Esq., M.P.

William Wallace, Esq.

Charles Baring Young, Esq.

Fire, Life, and Marine Assurances on liberal terms.

Insurances against Fire on Merchandise in the Port of London are accepted at the late

Reduced Rates of Premium.

Life Assurances with, or without, participation in Profits.

Divisions of Profit every Five Years.

Any sum up to £15,000 insured on the same life.

A liberal participation in Profits, with exemption under Royal Charter from the liabilities

of partnership.

A rate of Bonus equal to the average returns of Mutual Societies, with the additional

guarantee of a large invested Capital-Stock.

The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have

been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a Half.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Policies on the participating system, granted on or before December 31, 1863, and in force at

the close of the year 1863, will be entitled to share in the next Division of Profits.

A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

## BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

1 PRINCES STREET, BANK, LONDON.

Established 1827.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament, 4 Vict. cap. 8.

Every Description of Life Assurances Business transacted.

ANDREW FRANCIS, Secretary.

## IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, 1 Old Broad

Street, E.C.—Instituted A.D. 1820.—A SUPPLEMENT TO THE PROSPECTUS, showing

the advantages of the Bonus System, may be had on application to

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Books of the

## NORTH BRITISH and MERCANTILE INSURANCE

COMPANY.

For the Year 1863, close on December 31.

Life Policies effected on or before that Date will rank for an Additional Year's Bonus in

comparison to later Entrants.

During the Four Years preceding the last Division of Profits (1859), the Company

issued 1,260 Life Policies, Assuring.....£1,231,250

During the Four succeeding Years the number of Life Policies issued amounted to

5,169, and the Sums Assured to.....£2,321,522

BEING AN INCREASE OF 28 PER CENT.

The SIXTH SEPTENNIAL DIVISION OF THE COMPANY'S PROFITS will take place on

December 31, 1863.

The whole Profits which have accumulated since December 31, 1858, will then be divided, and

90 per cent. allocated among the Assured on the Participating Scale.

CERTIFICATES of INDISPUTABILITY granted, and every facility offered to Insurers.

## FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Insurances granted both at Home and Abroad on the most liberal terms.

Forms of Proposal, and every information, will be given at the Head Office, or any of the

Company's Agents. By Order, F. W. LANCE, Secretary.

London, November 1863.

## HEAD OFFICES:

LONDON .. .. 56 THEADNEEDLE STREET.

" .. .. 4 NEW BANK BUILDINGS, LOTHBURY.

" West-End Office, 8 WATERLOO PLACE, PAUL MALL.

EDINBURGH .. .. 61 PRINCES STREET.

## BONUS DIVISION.

GLOBE INSURANCE, Cornhill and Charing Cross, London.

Established 1860.

CAPITAL—£1,000,000 STERLING.

All paid up and invested, thereby affording full security.

SHEFFIELD NEAVE, Esq., Chairman.

WILLIAM DENT, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

GEORGE CARR GLYN, Esq., M.P., Treasurer.

At the close of the year 1863, a Bonus Division will be made on Globe Profit-Scale Life

Policies, for the Five Years then ended.

All descriptions of Fire, Life, and Annuity Business transacted.

Marine Insurance at the Reduced Rate.

Claims liberally and promptly settled; and losses caused by lightning and explosion of gas

are paid.

During the last Ten Years the FIRE INSURANCE DUTY paid by the GLOBE has increased

from £32,754 to £47,550.

## DIVIDENDS OF 12 TO 15 PER CENT. PER ANNUM may

be obtained in judiciously Selected Mining Property, in self-supporting and progressive

Mines. An advance of 500 to 1000 per Cent. on the Outlay is of frequent occurrence. The under-

signed, having had twenty years' experience in the Centre of the Mining District, offers his

services to Investors, and will be happy to forward his Price List free, on application to

JOHN R. PIKE, Stockbroker, 3 Finner's Court, Old Broad Street, London.

## MONEY.—£10,000.—Immediate ADVANCES are MADE

to Officers in the Army and others, with secrecy and despatch, by a Private Gentleman, upon

Note of Hand, Life Interests, Reversions, Legacies, Land, Houses, or other Property.

Interest, 5 per cent. Address, A. B., 6 Norris Street, St. James's, W.

## WHAT WILL THIS COST TO PRINT? is a thought

often occurring to Literary Men, Public Characters, and persons of Benevolent Inten-

tions. An immediate answer to the inquiry may be obtained. A SPECIMEN BOOK OF TYPES,

and information for Authors, sent on application, by

RICHARD BARRETT, 15 Mark Lane, London.

## HEAL &amp; SON'S EIDER-DOWN QUILTS, from 25s. to

Ten Guineas. Also GOOSE-DOWN QUILTS, from 10s. to 20s. Lists of Prices and

Sizes sent free by post. HEAL &amp; SON'S Illustrated Catalogue of Bedsteads and Priced List of

Bedding also sent post-free on application to 186 Tottenham Court Road, W.

## THE FASHIONABLE CLOAK of the SEASON is the

"SNOW STORM."—Can be purchased only of FARMER &amp; ROGERS.

Real SEALSKIN MANTLES, from 8 guineas to 25 guineas.

Handsome VELVET DRESS, from 7 guineas to 25 guineas. Ditto, ditto,

Warm WINTER CLOAKS, from 4s. OPERA CLOAKS, from 12s.

The Great Indian Shawl Warehouse, 171, 173, 175, and 179 Regent Street.

## WINTER SHAWLS at an Enormous Reduction in Price.—

FARMER &amp; ROGERS having recently purchased several large lots of FRENCH and

ENGLISH SHAWLS, solicit attention to the following extraordinary Bargains:—

Beautiful FRENCH CASHMERE SHAWLS, 5 guineas, usual price 10 guineas. Ditto, ditto,

ditto, 10 guineas, usual price 15 guineas. Warm HIMALAYAN SHAWLS, 10s. 6d., usual

price 21s. Warm CHENILLE SHAWLS, 16s., usual price 25s.

171, 173, 175, and 179 Regent Street.

## STAINED GLASS WINDOWS

FOR CHURCHES AND DWELLINGS.

(Price Medal—International Exhibition, 1862.)

HEATON, BUTLER, &amp; BAYNE.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE will be issued in JANUARY.

WORKS—34 CARDINGTON STREET, HAMPSHIRE ROAD, N.W.

## ECCLESIASTICAL AND DOMESTIC DECORATION, &amp;c.

HARLAND & FISHER, 33 Southampton Street, Strand,  
W.C. Ecclesiastical Decorators, &c., and Manufacturers of every description of  
CHURCH and DOMESTIC MEDIEVAL FURNITURE, Paper Hangings, &c. Designs and  
Estimates furnished, or an Illustrated Priced Catalogue, upon application. Hobbs, Surplice, &c.

## FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-

PIECES.—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM  
S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES,  
RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY, as  
cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or excellence  
of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ornate ornaments, £1 10s. to £3 10s.; brass fenders,  
with standards, 7s. to £3 12s.; steel fenders, £3 3s. to £11 10s.; with rich ornate ornaments,  
from £2 6s. to £18; chimney-pieces, from £1 5s. to £100; fire-irons, from 2s. 3d. the set to 24 s.  
The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-plates.

## BEDSTEADS, BATHS, and LAMPS.—WILLIAM S.

BURTON has SIX LARGE SHOW-ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE  
DISPLAY of Lamps, Baths, and Metallic Bedsteads. The stock of each is at once the largest,  
newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate  
with those that have tended to make his Establishment the most distinguished in this  
country.

Bedsteads, from ..... 12s. 6d. to £20 0s. each.

Shower Baths, from ..... 8s. 0d. to 20 0s. each.

Lamps (Moderators), from ..... 6s. 0d. to 25 10s. each.

Pure Colza Oil ..... 4s. per gallon.

## CUTLERY, Warranted.—The Most Varied Assortment of

TABLE CUTLERY in the World, all Warranted, is on Sale at WILLIAM S.  
BURTON'S, at Prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales.

IVORY HANDLES.	Table Knives per Dozen.	Desert Knives per Dozen.	Carvers per Pair.
32-inch Ivory Handles .....	s. d. 13 6	s. d. 10 0	s. d. 4 6
31-inch fine Ivory Handles .....	15 0	11 6	4 3
4-inch fine Ivory Handles .....	18 0	14 0	4 9
4-inch fine Ivory Handles .....	24 0	18 0	7 3
4-inch finest African Ivory Handles .....	32 0	26 0	11 0
Ditto, with silver ferrules .....	40 0	33 0	12 6
Ditto, carved handles, silver ferrules .....	40 0	43 0	17 0
Nickel Electro-Silver Handles, any pattern .....	25 0	10 0	7 6
Silver Handles, of any pattern .....	61 0	34 0	21 0

## BONE AND HORN HANDLES.—KNIVES AND FORKS

PER DOZEN.

White Bone Handles ..... 11 0 | 8 6 | 2 6 |Black Horn, rimmed shoulders ..... 17 0 | 17 0 | 4 0 |Ditto, very strong riveted Handles ..... 12 0 | 9 0 | 3 0 |

The largest stock in existence of plated Desert Knives and Forks, in Cases and otherwise, and of the new plated Fish Carvers.

## WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING

IRONMONGER, by appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATA-  
LOGUE gratis, and post paid. It contains upwards of Five Hundred Illustrations of his  
illimited Stock of Sterling Silver and Electro-Plate, Nickel-Silver, Britannia Metal Goods,  
Dish-Covers, Hot Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-Pieces, Kitchen Ranges,  
Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet Ware,  
Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bedroom Cabinet Furniture, &c., with Lists of  
Prices and Plans of the Twenty large Show-Rooms, at 30 Oxford Street, W. 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4  
Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard, London.

## DENT, CHRONOMETER, WATCH, and CLOCK MAKER,

by special appointment, to Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Maker of

the Great Clock for the Houses of Parliament.

Invites attention to the superior workmanship and elegance of design of his extensive Stock

of Watches and Drawing-room Clocks.

Ladies' Gold Fob Watches ..... 5 Gns.

Gentlemen's Gold Compensation ..... 5 Gns.

Ladies' or Gentlemen's Gold English ..... 40 "

Silver do. do. .... 35 "

Marine Chronometers, 35 Guineas.

Gold and Silver Pocket Chronometers, Astronomical, Turb, and Bracket Clocks of every

description. An elegant assortment of London-made Fine Gold Albert and Guard

Chains, &amp;c.—DENT, 61 Strand (adjoining Courts's Bank); 34 and 35 Royal Exchange, and at

the Clock and Marine Compass Factory, Somerset Wharf, Strand, London.

## CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU for Dining-

Room and Library, CRYSTAL, MODERATOR LAMPS, in Bronze, Ormolu, China, and

Glass. STATUETTES in Porcelain, Vases and other Ornaments, in a Show Room erected expressly

for these Articles.—OSLER, 45 Oxford Street, W.

## OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS.

Wall Lights and Lustres, for Gas and Candles, Table Glass, &amp;c. Glass Dinner Services,

for Twelve Persons, from 47 10s. Glass Desert Services, for Twelve Persons, from 21. All

Articles marked in Plain Figures.

Ornamental Glass, English and Foreign, suitable for Presents. Mess, Export, and Fur-

nishing orders promptly executed.

LONDON—SHOW-ROOMS, 45 OXFORD STREET, W.

BIRMINGHAM—MANUFACTORY and SHOW-ROOMS, BRAD STREET.

Established 1807.

## CHUBB'S PATENT SAFES—the most secure against Fire

and Thieves.

CHUBB'S FIRE-PROOF STRONG-ROOM DOORS.

CHUBB'S PATENT DETECTOR and STREET-DOOR LATCHES.

CHUBB'S CASH and DEED BOXES.

Illustrated Price List gratis and post free.

CHUBB &amp; SON, 57 St. Paul's Churchyard, London; Liverpool; Manchester; Wolverhampton.

## FURNISH YOUR HOUSE with the BEST ARTICLES at

DEANE'S.

DEANE'S—Celebrated Table Cutlery, every variety of style and finish.

DEANE'S—Electro-plated Spoons and Forks, best manufacture, strongly plated.

DEANE'S—Electro-plate Tea and Coffee Sets, Liqueur Stands, Cruets, Cake Baskets, &amp;c.

DEANE'S—Dish-covers, and Hot Water Dishes. Tin Dish-covers, in Sets, 10s. 3s. 4s. 5s. 6s. 7s. 8s. 9s. 10s.

DEANE'S—Paper Maché Tea Trays, in Sets, from 21s., new and elegant patterns.

DEANE'S—Bronzed Tea and Coffee Urns, with Loyel's and other patent improvements.

DEANE'S—Copper and Brass Goods, Kettles, Stew and Preserving Pans, Stockpots, &amp;c.

DEANE'S—Moderator and Rock Oil Lamps, a large and handsome stock.

DEANE'S—Domestic Baths for every purpose. Bath-rooms fitted complete.

DEANE'S—Fenders and Fire-irons, in all modern and approved patterns.

DEANE'S—Bedsteads, in Iron and Brass, with Bedding of superior quality.

DEANE'S—Register Stoves, improved London-made Kitcheners, Ranges, &amp;c.

DEANE'S—Cornices and Cornice-pieces, a great variety of patterns.

DEANE'S—Tin and Japan Goods, Iron Ware, and Calverley Utensils.

DEANE'S—Turnery, Brushes, Mats, &amp;c., well made, strong, and serviceable.

DEANE'S—Horticultural Tools, Lawn Mowers, Garden Rollers, and Wire Work.

DEANE'S—Gas Chandeliers, newly-designed patterns in Glass and Bronze, 3-light glass, &amp;c.

DEANE'S—Harness, Saddles, and Horse-clothing manufactured on their own premises.

New ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and Priced FURNISHING LIST, Post-free.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1780.

## DEANE &amp; CO., THE MONUMENT, LONDON BRIDGE.

## TWO PRIZE MEDALS.—JENNER &amp; KNEWSTUB'S

Ten Guineas best Morocco or Russia Silver-plated LADY'S DRESSING and WRITING-

BAG. Gentlemen's ditto. The Ten Guineas Silver-plated Case in Coromandel

or Walnut. The Guineas Tourist's Writing-case. The One Guinea Travelling-bag. The

Guinea Dressing-case. At the Manufacturers',

JENNER &amp; KNEWSTUB, 33 St. James's Street, and 60 and 62 Jermyn Street.

## COUNCIL MEDAL, 1851.—FIRST CLASS MEDAL, 1855.—

PRIZE MEDAL, 1862.—The above Medals have been awarded to SMITH, BECK,

&amp; BECK, who have REMOVED from Coleman Street, to 30 Cornhill, E.C., where they have

opened extensive Show Rooms containing large assortments of Achromatic Microscopes, and all

classes of Optical, Meteorological, and other Scientific Instruments and Apparatus.—Catalogues

sent on receipt of six postage stamps.

## THE SMEE'S SPRING MATTRESS, TUCKER'S PATENT,

or "SOMMER TUCKER," price from 25s., received the ONLY PATENT MEDAL of

Honourable Mention given to Bedding of any description, at the International Exhibition,

1862. The Jury of Class 20, in their Report, page 8, No. 2965, and page 11, No. 2014, say:—

"The Sommer Tuckers perfectly solid, very healthy, and moderately in price." "a com-

bination as simple as it is ingenious." "a bed as healthy as it is comfortable."

To be obtained of most respectable Upholsterers and Bedding Warehousemen, or wholesale of

the Manufacturers, WM. SMEE &amp; SONS, Finsbury, London, E.C.